# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs*

Volume XVIII | Friday, October 13, 1933 | Number 24



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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.



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Publication office, 34 N. Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.


# RECOVERY OR DISASTER

WE DO not know how many of our readers heard the radio address given by Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., the vice-president of Georgetown University, on September 29; but we do know that he so forcefully expressed what we regard as the central and most practical problem facing the nation today that we are giving all our readers the bulk of his remarks. Even those who heard his speech will be helped by having it in printed form. We ourselves have tried more than once to express our conception of the national crisis. We have read, and heard, other attempts. But we think that what Father Walsh says, states the case more lucidly than any other address or article which we have heard or read:

"No thoughtful man can avoid the plain truth that we are at the crossroads of decision. For nearly four years this country has been in the throes of a nation-wide catastrophe that would have shattered the very foundations of any other government whose people are not so broadly tolerant, so casual and so resilient as our own. Similar distress in other lands, where passions are hotter and temperaments more volcanic, has led to violence, bloodshed and revolution. These three eruptive outlets—violence, bloodshed and revolution—are comfortably regarded as alien to the American tradition. But there is a breaking point even for tempered steel; there is a melting point for human patience, and a boiling point somewhere in the coolest veins. The coming winter will bring us one degree nearer that danger mark and every sere and yellow leaf that flutters to earth these autumn days carries the silent warning; 'Make haste, make haste.'

"The trees will soon be bare again and the bread lines of our national disgrace are even now re-forming for the fourth consecutive winter of discontent. A supreme effort will be required of all our people during the approaching winter, for there, in my opinion, lies the Rubicon. No man knows how much of our economic future depends on 1934. By that I mean that failure to reduce unemployment, failure to increase buying power, failure to assure industry and agriculture a reasonable profit for their efforts, failure to guarantee sufficiency and security for labor would all argue in the popular mind a total breakdown in


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the reconstruction agencies established since March 4. And once that psychology of defeatism grips the national consciousness, who will predict the reaction of the sorely tried masses? But one thing is predictable. They will not move in the direction of greater patience, for it is hard to conceive how they could be more long-suffering than they have been these past several winters. That is why the National Recovery Act may well be considered as the last stand of democracy in the United States. The people did not have the concrete arguments or stimulating vistas of the NRA before. A tired public has, in consequence, magnificently agreed to conquer despair, to close ranks and hurl themselves anew against a stubborn foe.

"A new beacon has been kindled on the ashes of dead hopes and the nation has been galvanized to advance along a new road to victory. The die has been cast and faith runs high. But if that light fails like the others before it and if darkness again envelops the land, we shall be face to face with a disaster the form of which is hidden from us at this moment but the magnitude of which will be proportionate to the depths of disappointment, bitterness and desperation that will then be revealed. An empty stomach has no ears for excuses or alibis.

"*Therefore our duty, both individual and collective*, is clear. You may not agree with all the provisions of the Reconstruction Program. You may, in fact, be appalled, as many are, at the social, the economic and the juridical audacity of many seemingly insignificant clauses hidden away in recent legislation. But as you do not question whether the proffered water be fresh or salt when your house is burning down, nor whether the pitchfork in your hand be legally yours or your neighbor's as you face an enraged bull, so the constitutional aspects of the Act may well be left for determination when we are sure that we are going to have a Constitution! Insured property holders may fairly set up claims for damages after a conflagration is subdued; but we do not permit the insurance companies to impede the fire department under the pretext that the firemen are wetting their client's art collection. And we often dynamite perfectly good and legally impregnable properties in order to protect the heart of a threatened city. It is the very ecstacy of formalism to adhere blindly to the legalities in order to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of handing down to posterity a collection of smoking ruins covered by an unimpaired title. There is a rule of reason as well as a rule of law. Positive laws are normally enacted for specific purposes by fallible men and should not be permitted in emergencies to nullify the imperious dictates of the higher and universal natural law, which descends from God.

" 'But,' it has been objected, 'the National Recovery Administration leads straight to dictatorship, state Socialism, Fascism or some other un-American form of social control. Already there is talk of making it permanent.' That is a bridge we shall cross when we come to it. The Industrial Recovery Act expires in 1935. Government is merely an appointed agent of the people in whom ultimately sovereignty resides and the will of the people, not the temporary administrators of a limited mandate, will determine the next phase. 'Tell your agent what to do,' said Thomas Jefferson, 'and what not to do. Then watch him.' The question is not what we are headed toward but what we have escaped from. That frustrated devil in our rear we now know fairly well. The devil we know not of in the unrevealed future can hardly be worse than the damnation so narrowly averted by the banking holiday of painful memory.

"There is, then, a solemn obligation devolving on the people as a whole to see that the Industrial Recovery Act does not fail. It is wasted energy to debate what might, should or could have been done in its stead. That is water over the dam. We have definitely faced up stream and the only alternative now is success or failure in the direction we have actually chosen. And the National Recovery Act will not fail if every individual American pulls manfully at his own oar realizing that there his duty as well as his interest lies. The fear of penalties, though they are severe and ready to hand, will not suffice. They will probably be but rarely invoked, as all men now know, none better than the government, that no law so far-reaching as the Industrial Recovery Act can be successfully enforced if it does not merit the support and approbation of enlightened public opinion. We tried that experiment once and found that legal compulsion unsupported by the national will is futile in a free democracy and begets only lawlessness, corruption, racketeering, disrespect for authority and a general weakening of moral values. Hence it is that the sovereign states are now hastening, one after another, to undo the tragic and costly error of 1919. It is the same national will, not the government, that will also determine the issue of the Industrial Recovery Act.

"The component units of that collective will have their respective duties. Let the buying public buy until it hurts, by which I mean that each should buy to the limit of his capacity and his needs and thus help to move inactive stores of merchandise from shelves and warehouses into the channels of active trade. Every dollar spent is a dollar put to work for your own and everyone's benefit. Let the selling public sell until it hurts. By which I mean that industry, capital and management should, under present conditions, be

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content with that strict minimum of profit which, while justifying continuance of operation, will entail a rapid and frequent turnover of stock. This will necessitate frequent replacements which in turn will take up more and more the slack of unemployment. Buying capacity thus broadly increased, new capital will flow back to trade as the newly employed recommence their purchase of the necessities and amenities of life. Either that —or the menace of suicidal inflation, which usually begins by being controlled and ends with ruining the controller.

"Let industry and capital remember, as a great industrialist, Mr. Edward Filene of Boston has well said:

" 'Five-sixths of the goods and services produced in the United States are sold to those having wages and salaries under $2,000. Only one-sixth is bought by the well-to-do and the rich.

" 'In their own interest the directors of mass production must manage industry and business to provide the largest possible income for the five-sixths who are the great mass market.'

"Moreover, capital and industry and finance owe a direct debt of gratitude to that army of unemployed whose patient suffering, restraint and moderation during these eventful years constitute high tribute to the soundness of their patriotism and the sincerity of their determination to coöperate. It will probably be conceded that no institution stands more consistently for the natural right of property, for order in the state and respect for constituted authority than the Catholic Church. Now, suppose a man in extreme destitution steals a loaf of bread or some other necessity from the superfluous supply of another in order to save himself or his family from starvation. That act, we hold, is not criminal nor theft in the eyes of God, no matter what human statutes may say. There were approximately 15,000,000 men out of work last winter, not including their dependents. In all probability millions upon millions of them met substantially the moral conditions I have here set down. Suppose that this natural right to take the means of subsistence—true of each individual in the concrete—had been simultaneously actuated by 15,000,000 men faced with starvation. It is an appalling but logical conclusion to say that we should have seen the end of organized government in this country. But they didn't. On the contrary, they drove from their midst such inflammatory agitators as sought to draw revolutionary profit from the common distress. For this heroic example of self-control, for this splendid Americanism, society owes them an eternal debt of gratitude. Let us pay it. We may never have a chance again if not by the NRA.

"To the producing public, which is labor, I would also say: Continue to coöperate until it hurts. That you have already done it generously all men know. That is why many sincere friends of labor hope that there will not be too much jockeying for the inside track, to the detriment of the common good, which would suffer grievously from artificial delays and unnecessary strikes. Labor's cause will be best served by the awakened public conscience of the nation. The world now realizes as never before that labor is an indispensable partner with capital in the economic processes that create national wealth. Capital and labor are, as it were, journeymen of nature, standing shoulder to shoulder at the same glowing forge of life, whether clad in overalls or dinner jackets. They both take a wage for their respective tasks, and both are necessary co-agents of production. Hitherto, capital has undoubtedly paid itself too high a wage. The new conception of social justice now maturing in the minds of men will increasingly demand a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry. The net increment, which we call profit, resulting as it does from a joint action must be so spread as to promote the common good of society and not selfishly monopolized by one of the partners. For wealth is power, and power in a particularly subtle form which as experience shows can profoundly affect the destiny of society as a whole. That public authority, in consequence, has certain moral and civil obligations with respect to the control of that power is an inescapable truth that must be faced squarely and honestly by the small minority who possess the major percentage of this nation's wealth. If they shirk the clear social responsibility attaching to property, one of two things will happen. Either the government will be obliged to conscript their wealth under the general welfare clause or mobs will rudely confiscate it. Both have happened elsewhere, even within our own memory. And we have no divine guarantee of perpetual immunity."

## WEEK BY WEEK

WITH the shooting in Vienna of Chancellor Dollfuss by a twenty-two-year-old Austrian Nazi and the renewed outbreak of civil warfare in Cuba, the overthrow of the moderate Lerroux government in Spain, the concentration of the Soviet army on the Manchoukuo frontier as Russian envoys in Tokyo are protesting against Japan's steady consolidation of her seizure of the Russo-Chinese railroad in Manchoukuo, while the Geneva disarmament conference gives every sign of breaking up in a stalemate and it is rumored there that in this eventuality France will not wait long to charge unequivocal violations of the Versailles Treaty against Germany and engage in a "preventive war"while she believes world opinion would be favorable to her—with all of these things in the air and tornadoes raging around our own shores,

Foreign Affairs

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the lonely individual soul may well retire at night with a feeling of considerable insecurity. With regard to Chancellor Dollfuss we are of course first of all glad that he escaped with his life. Not only his own life was at stake, but also many others, for his assassination and the confusion it would have led to in the government of Austria without doubt would have precipitated civil war and this in turn, because of the affiliations between the Nazis of Germany and Austria, would have led to an inflammable international situation. In the case of Cuba we can only be glad that our government is continuing to show cool, strong, intelligent restraint. The rushing in of United States marines and sailors could accomplish nothing toward the realization of a stable government in Cuba, which Cubans themselves cannot accomplish, and in all probability would immeasurably delay the purging of the Cuban people's political passions and their consolidating of their own free will and on their own responsibility behind a government that can insure order and safety for the peaceful pursuits of life.

EVENTS in Spain are of such moment that we are devoting another paragraph to them. The Soviet, we still believe, is too thoroughly afraid of Japan to do more than protest as Japan, taking advantage of the distracted state of the world, continues the realization of her plans for the hegemony of Asia. Russia, having virtually outlawed herself among nations by her policy of meddling in their internal politics and dictating her own form of dictatorship for them, is in the position of making sheep's eyes at the League of Nations to save her from the Japanese peril, while Great Britain, former ally of Japan and most troubled in her empire by the Soviet propagandists and civil rebellion agitators, would by the strange combination of circumstances find her interests engaged in resisting further Japanese aggressions. We do not give much credence to the rumored French "preventive war," a rumor ascribed in some quarters to wishfulness of recent German exiles. The French people are thoroughly fed-up with and properly dread real war, and the silent war of international commerce and the more audible war of international politics, which have been carried on steadily since the armistice in 1918, have favored her too much for her suddenly to abandon them. Germany's isolation, unhappily reported by Herr Hitler's emissaries at Geneva as being worse than ever before, has received its final confirmation in the breaking up of the practical relations and coöperation of the Soviet Union and Germany which had been built up during the past eleven years. It is idle to conjecture whether this is some darkest hour before a sudden clearing in the skies or to recall gloomily the Hundred Years' War and wonder whether we are in the midst of another such a one. For the individual, *laborare et orare* is the only sensible plan of action. Even here the great problem is that work is not always to be found.

AS we go to press, Señor Lerroux's moderate government in Spain has fallen and another political crisis, the third in recent months, confronts the Spanish people. The people by repeated evidence of their feelings at various elections have shown that they are for a conservative government. They are properly tired of politics and distressed by their lack of security which the violent Socialist extremists under Azaña, fully aware of their minority position, are inflicting on the country in a reign of terror. There is reliably reported a growing hostility on the part of hitherto neutral masses that have stayed at home and gone about their business quietly hoping that the bad situation would blow over, and at the same time a split among the Socialist forces themselves. The views of one of the segments of this split are represented by the statement of Largo Caballero, when Minister of Labor, before the recent international labor conference in Geneva, that the Socialists' objective in Spain was a dictatorship of the proletariat. The views of the other segment are represented by the declaration of Julian Besteiro, Socialist speaker of the Cortes, that he was opposed to a dictatorship of the proletariat and even opposed to Socialist domination in the government without the confidence of the people. The latter, we see, is a relatively pure and idealistic Socialism; the other is the fanaticism that would cut people's throats for their own good, a modern "the public be damned" policy. The combined forces of Socialism have thus far ruled in a scarcely veiled dictatorship by the threat of turning the Socialist labor organization, the Union General de Trabajadores, reputed to have a million armed members, into the streets to riot. Besteiro, however, happens to be the president of the U. G. T., so that with the growing division in the Socialist ranks, his sane and patriotic moderation may avert wholesale blood-spilling and destruction from which the Spanish nation would be long in recovering.

Spain's Torment

MEANWHILE October 1, to which the article on Spain elsewhere in this issue alludes, has come and gone. On that date the primary schools in Spain conducted by religious were to be suppressed. Some 600,000 children were to have been turned loose on that date to add to the violently imposed social dislocation and confusion in Spain and to become presumptively the wild children of Spain similar to the roving bands of youths in Soviet Russia. The day passed however without the edict closing the schools being published in the *Official*

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*Gazette,* a formal step necessary for the promulgation of a law. This represents a delay but no conclusion or settlement of the crisis. The radical Socialists, feeling their power slipping, are talking considerably about another burning of convents and churches. Monarchist hopes are rising. The renunciation of their claims to the throne by the Prince of the Asturias and Don Jaime de Bourbon, who both are physically incapacitated from reigning, a fact which in a minor way contributed to the overthrow of the monarchy, has cleared the path for Don Juan, who, it has been reported, is to marry a daughter of the King of Italy. The Catholics who were scattered, unorganized and frightened during the burnings of May, 1931, which were virtually protected by the government, are now disposed and better prepared to defend their edifices and their faith. These conditions, with the growing hostility of the neutral masses already referred to, are likely to lead to an explosion of popular will against the extreme Socialists' dictatorship and their tactics. The eventualities range from a triumph by terror of Bolshevism to a restoration of the monarchy. The most likely result, however, lies somewhere between these two in a conservative dictatorship.

Russia and Us

THE EXTRAORDINARY proposition that it would be good business for the United States government not only to recognize the government of Soviet Russia but also to extend to Russia a huge public loan as a means of Russia's trading with this country, is to our mind one of the greatest pieces of foolishness or fraud ever attempted on the American people. Regardless of the political aspects of the situation affected by the Russian Commune's determination to attempt to impose its political formula beyond its own frontier, and the repeated failure of the Soviet government to keep its written pledge to refrain from propaganda in countries seeking to establish normal relations with it, as described by Mr. Strakhovsky in our last issue, what kind of business is this that gives credits and goods with the same careless gesture? Haven't we had enough of that, where we have been dealing with countries that at least started without an expressed purpose to undermine and overthrow our whole economic system? One realistic answer is afforded by a report submitted to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York by Lawrence B. Elliman, chairman of the executive committee.

"THE PROPOSAL that the United States government make a loan to the Soviet government," says the report, "involves dangers which are shown by the experiences of other nations. In general, the result has been that Russia received cash for the goods sold, and the merchandise purchased was charged on extremely long credit terms. The consequences were that foreign exchange ran against the creditor nations with a corresponding drain on its gold reserve. England concluded a trade agreement with Russia in 1921. In the first three years Russia bought £8,313,000 and sold £20,063,000. By the end of eight years British imports from Russia totaled £131,917,308, and exports totaled £31,496,510. The adverse trade balance continued under the temporary commercial agreement made in 1930. At the end of 1931, eleven years of trading with Russia showed that Soviet Russia had sold and owed Great Britain £175,667,485 on credit, more than she had purchased for cash. The favorable gold balance thus obtained by Russia was used to pay for her imports from other countries. We are informed that as a result of this experience, Great Britain will hereafter insist that trade with Russia be conducted on a barter basis."

IN CONCLUSION we might point out that on the existing realistic basis of trade with Russia as being a risk which must be borne by the individuals profiting by this trade without involving the whole people of the United States, according to figures compiled for 1931 the principal countries taking Soviet exports were, Great Britain 33 percent, Germany 16 percent and Italy 5 percent; while the principal countries furnishing exports to Russia were, Germany 37 percent, the United States 21 percent and Great Britain 7 percent. The value of our exports to Russia has grown from $28,000,000 worth in 1922 to $103,000,000 worth in 1931, while the value of our exports has increased only from $500,000 worth to $13,000,000 worth. In short why cancel this good business by suddenly handing to the American people another colossal, and probably bad debt?

"Through the Centuries"

WE WERE among the audience that saw the first public showing at the National Catholic Charities Conference, at the Waldorf, of the tremendously stirring moving picture, "Through the Centuries," which depicts the rise of the Faith, the spread of the Church to all the countries and climes of the world, establishing in fact its Catholicity, and the wonderful, manifold signs of its charitable works. Many of us have an intellectual appreciation of all these things, and some of us—some, say, who have occasionally thumbed through "The Catholic Encyclopedia" and looked at the pictures therein and read something about the vast range and diversity of the physical properties of Christ's kingdom on earth and the varied activities carried on there —have had a vague idea of the extent of these things. "Through the Ages" makes them impressively, unforgettably clear. Of course it only

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scratches the surface as regards the totality of the story, but by fine, intelligent impressionism it suggests the whole. The film was written and supervised by Father Francis X. Talbot, S. J. It is produced by the Beacon Films, Incorporated, in coöperation with the Motion Picture Bureau of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, under the direction of the chairman, Mrs. Rita C. McGoldrick. This film, we hope, will be only a beginning, a splendid first step. It is largely an assembly of excerpts from other films and these are not all of uniform excellence but the whole decidedly is a big conception well executed.

IT IS a talkie film in the accepted sense in part and the continuity is maintained throughout by an accompanying narration by Pedro de Cordoba, to which the highest testimony is that it is not a distraction and that it really does satisfy an intellectual curiosity as to the visual scenes. We regret that the picturizations of Christ are the least effective parts of the picture. This difficulty would inhere, we believe, even under the most ideal conditions and we can only hope that in the present instance the picturizations of Our Lord be reduced to their possible minimum, especially those at the very end where His beneficent gestures are a little too suggestive of rhythmic dancing or posturing. The implicit contrast of part of the film between nature in the raw and wild and the benefits of the influence of Christ, and between the self-destroying works of man and His guidance, may possibly be a little too vaguely implicit and need a little explicit "dubbing" by the narrator. All of this, however, is of minor importance compared to the real sweep and majesty and impressive truth of the picture. We hope our readers will have the good fortune of seeing it. It fulfills all three of the functions of high art of instructing, inspiring and entertaining. Make no mistake about the last, it is engrossingly entertaining.

## Crime and the News

AN ANTI-CRIME-PROGRAM contest, which has just been closed in Washington by the United States Flag Association, seems to deserve comment for two reasons. It is genuinely patriotic, and what is more, highly useful, to focus attention upon this vital matter and to get trained brains working at it publicly. And the actual results, as represented by the reported outline of the prize-winning program, submitted by a lawyer, are admirable. They comprise the three capital points about which, as all realistic observers know, the fight against crime must center: news censorship, promptness of trial, and active public support of the law. The first of these suggestions, the required abridgement of newspaper descriptions of crimes and criminal proceedings, would of course be the most difficult to enforce. There are merely practical difficulties of routine and inertia, in the way of adopting the second and third points—the speeding up of trials and appeals, and the creation of local organizations actively supporting law enforcement. But there are double difficulties, of principle and of pocketbook, against news restriction. The freedom of the press is involved, and to at least an equal degree the newspaper's need, right and ability to make money by giving the public what it wants to read. The practically universal appetite for morbid news is an exact measure of the harm done by disseminating morbid news, in making the details of crime familiar and the lives of criminals dramatic. It is also a measure of the gigantic profits which must be renounced by any newspaper crusading for "crime stories in outline only." Of course it will not be done by one newspaper. It may be done by a gradually achieved newspaper code, and a gradually educated reading public. Meanwhile, that it must be done, or at least approached, somehow, is a fact that we would all do well to keep steadily in mind.

## Revenge of the Jungle

WHATEVER may be the rights or wrongs of trapping the larger jungle beasts for exhibition in zoological parks, it is unqualifiedly inhumane and dangerous to allow them to be kept for private possessions. A properly equipped zoo understands the physical needs and to some extent the temperaments of these savage creatures. It can never give them the happiness of domestic beasts, which reflect so much of the personality of man; but it at least minimizes their discontent and their consequent menace, by feeding them properly, protecting them from annoyance, and allowing them a certain limited ranging space. Not one private owner in a million has the scientific knowledge or the means to do this, and the result is too often a helpless brute wretchedness which deeply offends humane instincts, and which may wreak itself tragically on human beings if the chance arises. There was something sickening even in the story last year of the tame circus lions sold to a man who staged a "lion hunt" and shot them down as they playfully ambled about their opened cages; although those animals were not, in the strict sense of the word, subjected to cruelty. The recent tragedy at a Long Island inn illustrates both revolting cruelty and the dreadful response it may elicit if its victim is savage and strong. A captive bear, unfed for two days while its master enjoyed a fishing trip, broke its chain and mauled a passing child to death. It does not help matters that the owner has surrendered and will be tried for manslaughter. A law, plainly worded in the interests of safety and decency, should have made it impossible for a man to keep a bear chained up outside his door.

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# CHARITY MINISTERS TO AN ERA

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

NO ONE of the thousands who attended the great National Conference of Catholic Charities could escape the conviction that here was history in the making—history which, in its illimitable effects, is as vital to the nation as the conference itself was demonstrative both of the magnificent promises and achievements of inspired Catholic Action. This conviction need not have been based on the fact that many leaders in federal, state and municipal government and the President of the United States himself actively participated. Their contributions, it is true, were of the highest value. They stressed the fact that the new era begun on March 4, 1933, is predicated on principles which, seemingly new today, are the essence of the great encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI. Yet more important was the fact that this conference marked a tremendous impetus toward the actual fulfilment of the Church's program of social justice.

A pontifical Mass opened the conference on Saturday, October 1. It was celebrated by the eminent Cardinal of Charity in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and a majority of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States. From the episcopal throne first, then from the pulpit, came divine sanction in the words of the gospel for the day: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets." Here then is the universal precept which Monsignor Robert F. Keegan, president of the conference, at the opening session designated as the immediate keynote. Thereafter every feature of the conference agenda was attuned to this keynote of love of neighbor. Reiterated in themes modulated or fortissimo, the burden of the refrain was charity, the handmaid who must minister to the new era.

Simultaneous with the work of the conference was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. There is no dissonance in this. The followers of Frederic Ozanam have not only known his ideals but faithfully served them. To the Vincentians the Church, the nation, the world, must look, as they have in the past, for the execution of the greater part of any program which is designed to promote the welfare of all the people. The enthusiasm and zeal of their delegates merely added new proof that such hope and trust is wisely given. Countless others will unite in the actual translation of sound ethical principles into action, but these, too, will be Vincentians in spirit.

So gigantic was the conference's scope that it was impossible for any one individual to comprehend all its details. Schematically, however, the program could best be understood by noting the several planes on which it proceeded.

There was, begun before the formal opening, a series of continuous meetings of Directors of Catholic Charities from one hundred American dioceses. These directors formulated governing policies for the ensuing year which in themselves constitute a charter of Catholic Action looking to the emergence of a new industrial order from the present national crisis. The charter not only is an enunciation of social justice principles but as well a call to duty. All capable of working should be employed at a living wage sufficient to provide decent housing, protection against the hazards of unemployment, accidents, sickness and old age, and the means to raise a family. Also all, no matter in what station or circumstances of life, should enlist in attaining this goal. Catholic Charities have joined with other agencies—local, state and national—to impress upon government its responsibility which must not end with a period of depression.

The directors justly asserted that public service should not be separated from the people. These should recognize that public service rightfully belongs to them. Because Catholic Charities have a viewpoint and a philosophy that are essential in dealing with individuals and families of our faith, public welfare agencies have increasingly relied on Catholic Charities for a special contribution to the solving of Catholic relief problems. This confidence and this close combination of public and private effort are highly welcome. They are a splendid means of marshaling the forces of communities in the common alleviation of human suffering and want. Catholic Charities finally are pledged to assume "the leadership in working for a new industrial order in which the rights of the wage earner will be more fully protected."

These high lights of the directors' charter give an index to the two-fold division of the programs during the days of the actual conference. For in the charter are embodied the fundamental principles which formed the basis of discussions and elaborations that marked the general meetings. These latter, culminating with the dinner at which His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, and President Roosevelt were the speakers, were devoted to social justice ideology. Their importance was not inherent in the "newness" of ideas. It was rather in their massing and projection with new

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clarity and force to the nation and the world. This was the result anticipated by ex-Governor Smith, speaking at the opening session, when he expressed the hope that the conference appeal would reach everybody who would be amenable to its influence.

A notable fact at these general meetings was the remarkable unanimity of opinion. There was no happy accident in this. The very list of speakers contradicted the thought that they were selected because they were known beforehand to be *simpatico*. It is sufficient to note that they were all leaders and that those outside the Catholic Church, because they have enlisted under President Roosevelt, are ardent advocates of the spirit of the "new deal." Against this spirit itself there are very few, among those who feel their philosophies betrayed, who today would dare array themselves. But those entrusted with the work of the Washington administration—President Roosevelt, Secretary Frances Perkins, Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins, Robert D. Kohn of the Public Works Administration, Senator Robert F. Wagner, and Postmaster General James A. Farley—did not turn to the conference solely because there they would be with friends. Their appearance was in recognition of the value of Catholic Charities as an ally in their endeavors to rebuild the economic structure.

It became evident, too, that these meetings constituted a powerful force in mustering opinion to support the National Industrial Recovery Act. Monsignor John A. Ryan placed the conference's approbation on it and went even further when he declared that a NRA failure will surely mean a return not to an old materialistic order but to new and more perilous economic struggles whose outcome cannot even be dimly foreseen. Both Monsignor Ryan and other speakers, however, made it clear that the NRA program, admittedly temporary, must in its essential spirit of coöperation be continued beyond the legal life of the Act. This necessarily implies a revolution in our recent economic order which, despite the fact that the term "revolution" may disquiet the timorous, is actually what must be accomplished in order that social justice may continue as our shibboleth.

The third plane on which the conference proceeded was that of examination into the practical applications of the principles discussed at the general meetings to specific social problems. A partial list of the committees and subjects, assigned to these smaller meetings and round tables in morning and afternoon sessions, may best give a comprehension of the enormous scope embraced in the work of Catholic Charities. Thus the meetings of the Committee on Children and on Families had for general topics among others: The public and the non-sectarian agency for Catholic children, new national trends in relief, citizenship and its relation to social justice, present trends in programs for the homeless and transients. There were meetings held by committees on health, on social and economic problems, on protective care, and on community activities; and conferences of parish priests, of religious, of the apostolate of the sea, of chaplains of penal institutions, and of Catholic nurses.

Here, too, those who delivered formal addresses were specialists in their particular field. Leaders in national, state and municipal social work actively participated, contributing the experience of years to deliberations seeking always new and better solutions of problems intensified by a depression crisis. The spirit of those who crowded the rooms where these various "work" meetings were held was in itself remarkable. One marked their undivided interest, their quick comprehension of exposition, their eagerness and above all their confidence in the cause which they were even then promoting but which they will later more effectually support. It is certain that the final reports of these meetings will provide bases for future studies.

For the National Conference of Catholic Charities must not be considered as one convoked to devise ways and means of meeting an existent emergency. In their actual operation, the various affiliated organizations must adopt methods best suited to the year. But the conference was forward-looking as well. Catholic Charities in the United States, and particularly in New York City, were well organized before the depression. Only through the perfection of a system, designed to expand as need grew, could the tremendous demands made on it have been met.

Above all, the conference did not regard the termination of the depression as the sole ultimate goal. For this would imply that a return to prosperity, any so-called prosperity, is the desired. On the other hand a return to anything like the materialistic philosophy which has predominated the world since the Industrial Revolution is to be fought. Mankind cannot be released from the great commandment of charity. Nor can we countenance a drift back to the operation of blind economic forces. A new order, opposed to the pursuit of absolute economic individualism, must be built. There can be no compromise.

The times unquestionably were propitious for this Nineteenth National Conference. Man in adversity, if in nothing else, will turn to God. Similarly those bewildered by the valuelessness of their own political and economic creeds turn for guidance to those who remain confident, who have elaborated a sound program, and who undismayed continue to follow it. The Catholic Church in America, through the New York conference, has pointed the way. It has demonstrated its support of the President of the United States It has all along known the solution of the chaotic problems of our day. The world must follow or, by a refusal to subscribe to social justice, deliver itself to the ravages of evils never before witnessed.

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# THE DOUGLASITES

By GORHAM MUNSON

THERE is now discernible in England a new grouping of writers who may be called the Douglasites for short. They are competitors with the Socialist group, the Communist group, the Belloc-Chesterton Distributists, and the Mosley Fascists in seeking to influence public opinion in favor of a particular economic change; in their case the desired change is the socialization of credit on the principles and by means of the devices outlined by the engineer, Major C. H. Douglas. There is no question that they are making progress. The authenticated boycott against Major Douglas's ideas has broken down under the continued stress of the money crisis, and the attitude of ignoring the social credit proposals has changed to open discussion and open combating of them. Thus, since the first of this year there have been published several Marxist criticisms of social credit in the *Adelphi;* in *G. K.'s Weekly* a debate on Distributism versus Social Credit started in March has just been concluded; Mr. R. G. Hawtrey of the British Treasury went to Birmingham to debate with Major Douglas; more recently, and this signalizes the end of the boycott, the British Broadcasting Corporation put Major Douglas and an opponent on the air. Moreover, the Webbian *New Statesman and Nation,* long a foe to Douglas, has recently published a sympathetic account of his views on foreign trade.

Some of the Douglasite writers are well known in America. For example, Mr. A. R. Orage to whose editorial gifts Storm Jameson pays the warmest tribute in her recent autobiography, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie who has declared that social credit "offers the only financial salvation for the world we live in." Others like Mr. W. T. Symons and Mr. Hilderic Cousens are completely unknown in the United States. It may be well, therefore, to describe the new grouping in the orderly fashion of an inventory, and to defer a rough estimate of their ideals and aims until the "Who's Who" type of information has been set forth.

The writings of Major Douglas, of course, belong to the literature of political economy. Mr. Ezra Pound considered Douglas's early prose to be rugged and hard-hitting but unpolished. Major Douglas has now developed a distinctive style marked by great reserve, but from a literary standpoint his books are best viewed as source documents, not as feats of style.

The social credit press is variegated: weeklies, monthlies and a quarterly. The outstanding periodicals are two weeklies, the *New Age* edited by Arthur Brenton, and the *New English Weekly* edited by A. R. Orage and circulating in America as well as in England. Mr. Brenton was, I believe, trained as a chemist. He is a fluent, forceful, very lucid writer, the possessor of a style excellent for editorial purposes. In the ten years he has guided the *New Age,* his position has always been uncompromising and his tone has grown increasingly militant. At present his paper is featuring the "Green Shirts," a militant disciplined division of the Douglasite following. Mr. Orage's tone, on the other hand, is more statesmanlike, and his weekly review covers literature and the other arts with a fullness not possible in the smaller compass of the *New Age.* I have elsewhere set out my reasons for thinking Mr. Orage entitled to a very high place among contemporary writers. It is in these two weeklies that one can most quickly become acquainted with the literary personalities of the new school.

There are not many Douglasite poets to be discovered, and still fewer novelists—which is surprising, for the genius of man in abolishing actual scarcity and the tragedy of man under a financial tyranny inherited from the age of scarcity are themes to inspire poets, while the Douglas conception of a consumers' democracy is something to stir a novelist to the writing of "scientific romances" of the type once produced by H. G. Wells. Foremost among the Douglasite poets is our expatriate, Mr. Ezra Pound. I well remember his review of "Economic Democracy" in the *Little Review* for April, 1920. It stamped the name of Douglas in my mind, so that when I next heard it five years later on the lips of an obscure commercial artist, I came to instant attention. Lately Mr. Pound has been exhorting his readers in his little treatise, "The ABC of Economics," and in articles in *Symposium* and *Contempo,* to wise up to Douglas. Douglasite reviewers of "A Draft of XXX Cantos" have commented on the economic insight of the poet.

Hugh MacDiarmid is considered the best poet of the "Scottish Renascence." Few Americans are informed about the Scottish Nationalist movement which has its own press and a great deal of intelligent fervor. The French metaphysician, Denis Saurat, is a friend of the revival of Scottish letters and has translated some of MacDiarmid's poems into French, in which language I found them more intelligible, I confess, than in the tongue of Burns. MacDiarmid is also C. M. Grieve (his true name), and as Mr. Grieve he is an essayist in the English language and a London publisher. He has written for the *New Age* for years, and more recently for the *New English*

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*Weekly* and the *Criterion*. He should, I think, be looked up by American editors. The good air-root of poetry is in him.

Ruth Pitter might be considered a "fellow traveler" of the Douglasites. A book of her poems was published in New York a few years ago and fugitive poems have come out in the *Dial* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. But mostly she writes in the *New English Weekly* where she seems very much like an Elizabethan in modern company. Hilaire Belloc has been a consistent admirer of her extraordinary beauty of phrasing, and is reported to be encouraging her in the writing of her recent drolleries of the animal kingdom.

Of Douglasite novelists, I can think of only two, Compton Mackenzie and Eimar O'Duffy. Mr. O'Duffy has lately had published the concluding novel, "Asses in Clover," of a cycle which began with "King Goshawk and the Birds," a satiric description of a world in which the results of restricted credit have been carried to their logical conclusion and a monopoly established of even song-birds and wild flowers. This was followed by "The Spacious Adventures of the Man in the Street," in which through the unsympathetic eyes of a "go-getter" we view a world with a sane credit system abounding in plenty. His latest book takes us with a god-hero for guide to the Kingdom of Assinaria where solemn-faced professors are engaged "in ascertaining what degree of unemployment was an essential feature of economic health for the community" or in "discussing how far the standard of living must be lowered in order to raise it." The book concludes in a social credit state on the moon. Mr. O'Duffy has humor and poetry in his vision. He has also written a work of exposition, "Life and Money," an attack on "Sisyphism" and "Procrusteanism" in economic life. "The basic idea of Sisyphism is that the purpose of a machine is to give work to a man. . . . The basic idea of Procrusteanism is that the purpose of a man is to work a machine."

Not yet a novelist but a writer of short imaginative serials is Major E. Glasbrook Richards whose "Alchemy in Artuega," which ran in the *New English Weekly*, was a remarkably fertile invention.

But the main weight of the Douglasites is thrown into exposition and criticism. Three outstanding figures in these fields are C. Marshall Hattersley, "Albert Newsome" and Philip Mairet. Mr. Hattersley, so far as I know, does not contribute to magazines, but one of his books, "This Age of Plenty," is the popular classic of Douglasism. Its sales are steady year after year, and it is increasingly recommended for its deftness, lucidity and scholarly simplification to those who wish an introduction to more abstruse presentations of the Douglas ideas. Douglas's followers regard him as the Darwin of economics and usually estimate Mr. Hattersley as the Thomas Huxley of the movement. "Albert Newsome" and the dramatic critic, Paul Banks, are one and the same person. In his very early forties now, Mr. Banks can glance back at a proletarian, trade union, Guild Socialist past. He has played an active part in the development of folk-art in England, has written books on the theatre, and contributed to the *Dial, Realist, New Age, New English Weekly,* etc. "His hobbies," he says, "used to be chess, tennis and conversation. A determination, however, to set up an intelligent cry to prevent, if possible, lunatic mankind from committing suicide, has made hobbies no longer possible." "Albert Newsome," a scathing brilliant writer on political economy, was born of this determination. Philip Mairet has the broadest views of the three. Of Swiss-English descent, he was trained as an artist and with his wife has been prominent in the arts and crafts revival in England. For a time he was a Red Cross worker in France during the Great War; he was afterward imprisoned for refusing military service. One of his strong interests is Adlerian psychology on which he has written a book. With Mr. W. T. Symons he edits a quarterly, *Purpose,* designed to advance both the teachings of Adler and of Douglas. As a literary critic, Mr. Mairet is exceptionally balanced and frequently takes the profound view; his style has the charm of the best literary breeding.

Several others should be at least mentioned: Maurice Colbourne, actor-manager, author of a book on Shaw and a popular exposition of social credit; Maurice B. Reckitt, erstwhile Guild Socialist, Anglo-Catholic essayist on social questions; Neil Montgomerie, Adlerian and literary critic; and J. S. Collis. The last should, I surmise, be regarded, like Miss Pitter, as a "fellow traveler" of social credit. Born since 1900, Mr. Collis, an Irishman, was characterized by the *Morning Post* as being "the best speaker Oxford ever had." He achieved quick recognition by his book on Shaw in 1925 and now specializes on the nineteenth century, biographical sketches and historical summaries of movements. There is a strong mystical sense (in the decent meaning of "mystical") in his essays and a marked liveliness of style. Although he appears most regularly in the social credit press, his writing is known to readers of the *Adelphi* and the *Aryan Path*. If I were a publisher's scout, I should keep an eye on him as on C. M. Grieve (Hugh MacDiarmid).

Enough information has here been give to reveal that under the guidon of Douglas a very spirited literary movement has been spreading in England. The writers named would certainly not agree upon an aesthetic creed; they are not a literary school in the sense the Symbolists were. But they have in common a dialectic based on Douglas's insight and a vision of a new society

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in which all shall have absolute economic security and the controls shall be in consumers' hands. It is not in the province of this article to touch on the Douglas dialectic except to say that it purports to disclose the ultimate reason for financial scarcity, nor is it here required to dilate on the means for establishing the Social Credit Commonwealth beyond saying that those means are two: expansion of purchasing power simultaneously with the application of a scientific price calculus. But the new school can be truly placed as "left of the left and right of the right." It is left of the Communists in the sense that it strikes directly and deeply at the money problem, and for the same reason it is right of the Fascists. Both Left and Right today speak hard words against democracy. The Douglasites are democrats but of a new type: economy democrats. Through economics they seek to validate political democracy and to make practicable the liberal values of the nineteenth century, namely, liberty, leisure, individual culture.

# PILGRIMAGE TO TREVES

By ERNEST DIMNET

YOU VISIT friends in the French Ardennes. In the village church you are shown a poster inviting the faithful to visit Treves and kneel before the Holy Tunic. Your friends look at you and you look at them. A hundred and fifty kilometers is not even an afternoon's drive. But the passport? Nazi guards at the frontier? Is it wise? And won't the hotels be full? *Eh! qui ne risque rien n'a rien!*

So, off through the austere and rocky but interesting country, past the placid Belgian customs, past the almost shadowy Luxembourg customs, and in no time the surprisingly narrow Moselle is seen meandering at the foot of famous vineyards, and do you see the painted post on that bridge? Well, it marks the frontier of the Reich. At the end of the bridge a comfortable rounded little building is the customs office. What will come out of there? Two or three customs officers romp out and behind them looms a green policeman, the identical green policeman who used to frighten my countrymen so much during the German occupation. He looks pretty stern too.

But we soon notice that cyclists and pedestrians are not challenged when they reach the German side. Only cars are stopped and asked to show their triptych. So we get out and walk. And to our surprise the officers do not read our guilty thoughts. In a minute we go round a crag, and the usual German cottages appear with their window-sills full of flowers, and the usual German little girls show their plain little faces between two blond braids of hair. Soon the car reappears. What has the officer said? He has said: *Auf wiedersehen!*

In less than a quarter of an hour the towers of Treves seem to crowd the horizon, and, as they appear, cars and motor buses also seem to multiply. We fall in line and move slowly up a handsome avenue made gay by rich geranium parterres. At the end of that avenue is a square where you are supposed to park, but where you could not even wedge in a pram. No police to help, and we laugh at catching ourselves complaining that there are no coals at Newcastle. After fearing to find Treves overorganized, we grumble at discovering in many minor points that it is only organized by its clergy, and only in or round its churches. The noise of motor vehicles is quite as bad as it is in France, and I shan't be able at the Anti-Noise Convention to begin with: "Once more Germany sets us. . . ."

Treves is a great name, and the town—once a powerful Roman center—has a great past. But you do not realize it till you see the Porta Nigra and the superb ruins of the Roman baths. What strikes you is the taste for the gay and pretty in architecture so frequent in the old Rhenish cities. Treves, like old Speyer or old Mainz, looks like a dear little old auntie, cheerful in looks and brave in ribbons, while its new quarters suggest a rough, husky modern nephew. Its houses seem to be made of Pittsburgh lollipop with here and there some exquisite baroque building to give the ensemble a touch of real style. But it is difficult to lend one's full attention to those details, for the streets are seething with people, and although they instinctively walk up on the right side of the road and down on the left, you get pushed and bumped against a good deal. Pilgrims, most of these people, wearing a tasteful brass badge, and most of them marching four abreast. They all look comfortable—it is impossible to detect a trace of poverty in Treves—and they all look not only reverent but pious; indeed, some of them mystic with dreamy far-seeing eyes. But nobody seems distinguished or even well dressed, and hardly anybody is good to look at. A few women still wear local costumes which save them, but hardly any have the least idea of elegance, and one wonders how it is that their own nieces in America look so chic. Contrary to what we see in France, priests are solemn, while nuns are jolly.

We make for the cathedral, and as we draw

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nearer to it the crowd appears denser, and pilgrim organization becomes more admirable, with singing and the rosary directed by loud speakers at every street corner. Pretty soon it becomes evident that you may wish to kneel before the Holy Tunic, but it is not done so easily as it is wished. Judging by the plan of the city, which I anxiously consult, the cathedral stands at all times in a not easily accessible island of its own. But during these great pilgrimages barricades are erected which make approach only possible at the main entrance. A poster says that individual pilgrims are invited to join the procession outside the Jesuits' church. Where is the Jesuits' church? A quarter of a mile away, which you have to walk, stemming the crowd as best you can, and there are pilgrims praying, singing or clarioning all the way. Gradually you lose heart and when you finally reach the Jesuits' church and the great bells of the cathedral begin to boom, and you are told that it will take you four hours to be admitted inside the barricades, you know that that cathedral is a regular Mont-Saint-Michel from which the human tide hopelessly separates you.

Well, at all events, here's the Jesuits' church. Let's walk in. Full of people besieging the confessionals. The Liebefrauen Kirche, a little way off, just as bad, or just as good. Little St. Gangloff next door, packed. There remain St. Matthias, miles off, and St. Paulin, on the other side of the Porta Nigra, well spoken of. Let us try St. Paulin! Up and up through the crowd, almost a mile, and when you arrive, there is a queue and a barricade, and the church does not look up to much. But a French-speaking party of Lorraine pilgrims make up the line, and it will not be boring to hear what they have to say till the church opens at last, and we discover the most gilded, painted, rouged copy of a happy theatrical Italian church, with confessional boxes where it must be a joy to kneel. The loud speaker gives a brief explanation, says a little prayer, and dismisses us with recommendations of perfect orderliness.

What is to be done? At the hotel a French youth who is learning hotel keeping says it is useless to try the cathedral till ten in the evening, when it is at its most beautiful. See the Roman things, have dinner, and then will be your chance. He himself has seen the Holy Tunic three times at that hour.

So, to the Roman basilica, so absurdly well preserved that it leaves you quite cold; to the magnificent baths and to the dexterously manipulated amphitheatre; trudging with the resolution of despair, as one does through vast ancient ruins, and listening, with a mobilization of all one's vocabulary, to the best guides one has ever had.

Seven o'clock and a queue at the door of the Rotes Haus with every now and then a tantalizing view of comfortably seated people shocking glasses and saying *Santé!* absolutely as French people would say it. On a rafter you can read *Vinum mosellanum omni tempore sanum,* and perish of thirst. Finally an amusing waiter serves you a pretty bad dinner, but the *Vinum mosellanum* is excellent and you are diverted from what you have to eat by the astonishment of seeing at least twelve inches of sausages disappearing from the plates of barely marriageable girls as well as from those of their swains.

Ten o'clock strikes and you fancy something like quiet must be descending from the starry sky. But the queue is still winding round the cathedral and it has a look of being firmly connected with the Jesuits' church. My friend, who has been peeping through a hole in the fence, despondently beckons me to it. He is right. More queue inside and thicker, while, ready to march in, is an imposing Freiburg pilgrimage led by a gorgeous vicar general in purple. Half past ten and it will take four hours for the people outside the Jesuits' church to get inside this barricade. So, with one more jealous look at the purple prelate and his deeply collected people, we give in and give up and would trot briskly back to the hotel if the streets were not still full of people praying as they walk.

By four in the morning life resumes brilliantly, with a clangor of bells, drums and brass instruments, and the shuffling of innumerable feet. At eight another weak-hearted feint at the cathedral for Mass. "Join the procession outside the Jesuiten Kirche!" We are only too glad that humble St. Gangloff is open to piety of the less heroic character and that the car is in a garage near by.

. . . But, what about Hitler? you ask. Hitler evidently will have to wait till the Holy Tunic is not exhibited any more. There is indeed a street named after him, but I only saw his picture once; I only saw three or four uniformed men saluting *à la romaine;* and I only saw *Christliches Geschäft* advertised on three shops. It is true that Treves is in the demilitarized zone, but it certainly is not in a persecuting murderous mood, and the picture of its Alsatian-French bishop, Korum, is still for sale in all the pilgrimage shops. Plenty of room for hope at Treves.

## *Satiabor*

Yes, all these beautiful created things,
With which I strive my craving heart to fill,
Are only crumbs from my Lord's flowing board,
Leaving me hungry still.

But in the cool hush of some twilight hour
When He shall bid me sup, with Him beside,
At home within His Father's house—ah, then
I shall be satisfied!

SISTER M. RAYMUND.

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# SPAIN IN TRANSITION

By JAMES A. MAGNER

*Events are moving swiftly in Spain at present and it is therefore helpful to have the objective and historical review of events there presented by the accompanying article. How the Church can be persecuted in a Catholic country is difficult for the average person to understand; actually, of course, the Church is in the position of the early martyrs, its members are men of peace who seemingly can avail little against men of violence. Pillagers and incendiarists have their moment, but it is short-lived.—The Editors.*

AFTER a feverish period of legislation, running deep into the summer heats of Madrid, the fall of the Azaña Cabinet in the second week of September came as a decided anti-climax in the career of the present Spanish government. Subsequent confusion and the difficulty of forming party alliances into a ruling bloc have thrown into high relief the interplay of the contradictory elements that are striving to settle the destiny of the republic. Will the new alignment of parties change the Socialistic trends of the last two and one-half years? With the possible exception of Germany, there is no country at the present moment that offers more paradoxes in public policy than Spain. A nation of individualists manifesting frankly Socialistic tendencies; a genuinely Catholic country with the Jesuits dissolved, ecclesiastical property nationalized, and education by the religious suppressed; a commonwealth, united after centuries of bloodshed and anguish, now threatening to split into autonomous groups—Spain faces a series of dilemmas in which present policies and programs seem at profound variance with the native genius and consecrated traditions of her people.

It is difficult to reconcile these facts unless one takes into account the gradual loss of international prestige and the sense of thwarted ambition which Spain as a nation has been experiencing for the last three hundred years. Particularly after the humiliating defeat of the Spanish-American War, Spaniards felt that something was radically wrong with their country, although as a group they remained loyal to their monarch. Until the continued dictatorship of Primo de Rivera after 1929, no king in Europe was more loved by his people generally than Alfonso XIII. His weakness in the face of vigorous demands, however, became increasingly evident, and the forces of discontent which had long been brewing became consolidated in the Republican cause. The Republican and Socialist victory in the municipal elections of April 12, 1931, swept him from power.

The rise of the republic was primarily a political triumph. The Church was not involved in its achievement nor did Catholics feel any obligation of conscience to sustain the old monarchy. Many of the prime movers in the cause of the republic, including Alcalá Zamora and Miguel Maura, whose father served as prime minister under Alfonso XIII, were Catholics. Even if the Church had taken a stand in the matter, it is probable that its voice would not have been heeded. The disorganization of the conservative elements in the government was so complete and the causes of discontent were so profound that when the time came ripe for change, no power on earth could have stemmed the tide.

Nevertheless, general as was the sentiment against a feeble monarchy and a military dictatorship, it soon became evident that the organized arm of revolt was that of Socialism; and Socialist leaders, organizations and ideas immediately leaped into the breach. As far back as 1888 the Congress of Socialist Workers held in Barcelona had ratified a thoroughly Marxist program. In 1909 Pablo Iglesias, whose name since the republic has come to mark a street or square in nearly every town in Spain, declared, "The party which I represent here, aspires to end all social antagonisms, and to establish the solidarity of mankind; this aspiration entails the suppression of the bench, the suppression of the Church, the suppression of the army, and the suppression of other organizations which are necessary for the present régime of insolidarity and antagonism." Riots, with the sacking and burning of churches, monasteries and convents in May, 1931, after the comparatively peaceful elections of April, gave an indication of what was to follow. Needless to say, these disorders were not inspired officially. The passive attitude of the government at the time has been explained as a strategic indifference, to allow the radical elements of the population to relieve their emotions and settle down to normalcy.

Certain observers believe that the sequence of legislation unfavorable to the Church has been due largely to what is called a flamboyant and belligerent attitude on the part of Catholics in jealous concern over their rights and in hostility to an unorthodox government. However this may be, it is certain that Catholic publicists saw what was coming, and they cannot now be blamed for waging a campaign against what is plainly a war against the Church. The declarations of the Juridical Statute of the Republic formulated by the Provisional Government gained universal confidence in assuring liberty of conscience, creed, cult and property. Subsequent legislation, however—notably Article 26 of the Constitution dissolving

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the Society of Jesus and nationalizing its properties, and the law of June 2, 1933, confiscating practically all the properties of religious orders, prohibiting their engagement in commercial, industrial or agricultural enterprises, and denying them the right of conducting schools, except for their own members—has not contributed to allay the fears of alarmists within the Church. Alcalá Zamora has been forced into the embarrassing position of signing and supporting these laws or of giving way and leaving the field utterly free to the Socialists. In fact the presence of Zamora, a sincere Catholic, at the head of what is an anti-clerical and a frankly Masonic government leaves room for considerable speculation as to whether he serves as a restraint or is a cat's paw.

Relative to the confiscation of the properties of religious orders, and to the suppression of Catholic schools, Catholic publicists have prepared extensive statistics showing the impressive record of Catholic institutions in aiding the common good and relieving the State of additional burdens. Properly presented and distributed, these facts may arouse public opinion to an appreciation of the Catholic cause. So far as the legislators and the Socialist groups are concerned, however, they fall on deaf ears. The Socialists and Communists of the lower classes may think that the Church is extremely wealthy and inactive and that, being a drug on the market, its property should be confiscated and turned over to public sale. But the men who are formulating the laws are not confused by such ideas. They are not concerned with the question of whether the religious orders are saving money for the State or not. They are fundamentally opposed to the principle of a supernatural ideal which religious education imparts to a people. They wish to do away with all religious allegiance, which they call sectarianism, and to "socialize" all institutions. They hope to establish education, culture and morality on a simply national basis. The expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain in October, 1931, like that of April, 1767, was a strategic move to break down a powerful organized resistance to the program of a complete socialization of education.

In a recent interview Fernando de los Rios, who has been the moving spirit of the educational reform, defined the new conception of Spanish education as "vertical, corresponding to a unified school, the lay aspect being one of its internal forms." This aspect, he declared, "is purely and simply a prohibitory form and respects the consciences of those whom it teaches, independently of the positive conception of the education in itself." The State could have proceeded along these lines, had it wished, without expelling the Jesuits or suppressing the schools of the religious. Its action in this regard, however, leaves no doubt as to the direction of its departure. It has been estimated that some 240,000 children have been under the guidance of religious educators in elementary schools. (Estimates by religious authorities raise this figure to over 600,000.) The government plans to create 2,000 new schools to handle their transfer. To prepare a professorate for the national institutions of secondary education, a Teachers' Institute has been established at Madrid and special summer courses have been organized in the International University at Santander. The secondary schools of the religious orders are due for suppression in December, the primary schools on October 1.

In spite of these serious disabilities, the Church in Spain finds itself, in many respects, in a stronger position than before. Since the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and previously, the Church has suffered almost continually from the heavy patronage and control of the State. There can be no doubt but that many Spaniards of nominal faith came to regard it as a State agency. The 60,000,000 pesetas which the government conferred annually upon Catholic education in the form of allowances granted to the clergy were of uncertain benefit to the Church, and they gave rise to the superficial but perennial accusation that the Church was a parasite upon the State.

The present separation of Church and State, in spite of the nationalization of ecclesiastical properties, places the Church in some respects in a position of independence which it never had before and has contributed notably to its prestige. Unfortunately the State still puts its finger into the internal government of the Church by requiring an inventory of all church goods, insisting that the Church is merely the administrator of a national property, and reserving the right of nullifying the nomination to religious offices of such churchmen as may be *non grata*. A picayunish State surveillance of the Church will be as harmful to the State as to the Church.

Persecution has strengthened and united Catholic forces. Being obliged to support itself completely, the Church now has the psychological advantage of securing the financial, personal concern of its congregations. The struggle against hostile forces, moreover, has aroused the Church in Spain to a more vigorous and objective approach to the sociological problems of the day and is producing leaders capable of meeting the forces of Socialism on their own ground. The formation among the laity of such vigorous groups as the Association of Catholic Parents, the Joint-stock Society for Free Education and Catholic Workers' Groups is a movement in this direction.

The comparative ease and speed with which Spain has been laicized, so far as legislation is concerned, can be understood, not by consulting the national sentiments of the people, but by examining the present character of the national Cortes.

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When reproached for having failed to take into account the popular will, the Prime Minister Azaña maintained that Parliament is not the place to settle the question whether the government agrees with the opinion of the country or whether it represents the country or even the majority of the Parliament. This, he declared, is a matter to be settled in the general elections.

A brief review of the complexion of the present Cortes will help to explain the current trend of legislation. Of a possible total of two hundred and seventy deputies, one hundred and sixteen are Socialists of an extreme caste. There are ninety-seven Radical Republicans and fifty Radical Socialists, thirty members of the Accion Republicana led by Azaña, and eleven Federales, all members of the Left group. In addition, there are three nationalist groups, thirty members of the Esquerra or Catalonian party, of whom some are Rights and Catholics but the majority Lefts and non-Catholics, sixteen members of the Orga, a group of Galicians belonging to the Left, and sixteen of the Basque-Navarre party of whom all are Catholics. The Catalonians have already secured their autonomy, and the other two groups are working toward the same end. Of the Catholic groups remaining, there are thirty members of the Agrarian party, under Gil Robles, opposing the agrarian reforms of the Socialists and ten Conservative Republicans under Miguel Maura. The three groups whose program is regional autonomy occupy an equivocal position, and Catholic observers feel that as the price of autonomy the Catalonians have thrown their vote to Socialistic enterprises.

The Agrarians represent a group of increasing importance, out of proportion with their numbers, and they constitute a formidable body of thought and propaganda against the Socialist advance. The confiscation of the farm lands of the nobles with little or no indemnification has been the first step in the attack on centralized wealth, and the formulation of laws to nationalize and parcel out the estates of other large landowners with some indemnity has followed. According to the Socialist program, the State is to take over these properties and distribute them among the peasantry, while the latter will pay their rents or make their settlements directly to the State. The Agrarian party has consistently blocked this program and proposed in its place the right of a renter to purchase property at an equitable price directly from the landowner and to make payments to him.

There has undoubtedly been a great deal of Soviet propaganda in Spain, particularly in Andalusia and in the industrial centers of Barcelona and Valencia. The recent recognition of Russia by Spain, however, does not indicate an approval of Communistic dictatorships, but rather a desire to benefit commercial relations. The Spaniards are too individualistic for the success of Communism and they loath dictatorships. Their pride and sense of independence are too great to allow their national policy to be dictated by foreign powers.

The general trend in Spain at the present moment is toward conservatism. There is dissatisfaction, particularly through the North, with the Socialist program of the nationalization of lands and with its laws against education by the religious. The Law of Defense, practically suppressing all the civil rights and immunities granted by the Constitution, has been another source of profound dissatisfaction. According to de Romanones, the change of government to the Right will come within the next few months. According to de Beunza in a statement to *El Siglo Futuro* of Madrid, the next election will place at least one hundred and fifty deputies of the Right in the Cortes.

Throughout Spain there is a conviction that many of the laws embodied in the Socialist program up to this time cannot be put into permanent effect and that they will have to be revoked or revised or they will fall into desuetude. The coming election will undoubtedly liquidate a good deal of the radical legislation that has been enacted in the last two and one-half years. So far as education is concerned, the final readjustment will probably be along the lines with which we are acquainted in the United States, a nationally supported public lay school, and permission to organize parochial and religious schools at private expense. A great deal of the property confiscated from the religious orders will never be restored, but the orders will undoubtedly be allowed to resume their activities as before, sharing the same privileges of administering public service as they enjoy in most free countries. The present rigor of laws nationalizing church property and requiring a minute inventory of church goods will, under a reasonable administration, taper off into a State supervision of works of art.

A change to the Right will not, however, mean a restoration of the monarchy or even necessarily an advancement of its cause. The Monarchist cause is still strong in Spain, enlisting such outstanding papers as *A B C* of Madrid, but the general feeling is that the monarchy cannot return. It is true that the Monarchists are generally Catholic, at least in sentiment. The Church as such, however, cannot be said to be Monarchistic or to entertain any political program beyond that of the same freedom in the exercise of cult and education as it possesses in the other advanced countries of the world. In embracing the cause of conservatism, Spanish Catholics generally are concerned, not with a return of the monarchy, but only with a direction of the republic along lines which will guarantee to them the liberty of conscience and the right of organization to maintain their faith which was promised in Article 2 of the Constitution.

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# WATER-BIRDS

By JAMES W. LANE

THE CITY-DWELLER who has a curiosity to know what water-birds he can see in half a day on a tank or two of auto gas need only pick a good day and fare forth according to my instructions.

To see the water-birds it is not necessary to make perilous sea-journeys to bird colonies in the style of some of our famous ornithologists of today. One need not go to sea in an open boat to Bird Rock for an observation of puffins, murres and kittiwakes, nor need one charter a boat to plow the waves off Block or Gardiners Islands. Kittiwakes may be seen in New York harbor and with the aid of a high-powered glass and the good roads that abound by the shore one can pretty effectively comb Gardiners Bay, Montauk Point and the various coastal ponds in that region of eastern and southern Long Island which may yield anything from razor-billed auks, murres and gannets to the rarer fresh-water ducks. The two requisites are merely gas and the grace of perseverance. Not even ordinarily inclement weather is a deterrent to the birds, as some of the more remarkable sights have been witnessed in snowstorms and like furies!

It is in May especially that our ponds, bays, rivers, flats, lagoons, spitheads and inlets teem with avifauna, the winter water-birds not having yet left for the north, while the spring arrivals are just beginning to flock in from the south for a month or more of dabbling in our waterways.

In ornithological geography there are two focal points for water-birds near New York City, the one the Montauk region (including Gardiners Bay as far west as Peconic Bay and Orient Point) and the other the Great South Bay region, from Fire Island Inlet east to Westhampton Beach, Shinnecock Bay and Mecox Bay. These regions can be easily and thoroughly reached by auto.

Of course there are many other natural gathering places for aquatic birds that are still nearer the city, as, for instance, Dyker Heights near Coney Island, Princess Bay off Staten Island, Long Beach, the Rockaways and Jones's Beach. Yet for the stronger-winged waterfowl that migrate along the line drawn from Fortress Monroe through Chesapeake, Delaware and Barnegat Bays to the southerly shores of Long Island, nothing could prove so enticing to a protracted stay as the rich bay bottoms and the alluvial fields and flats off Fire Island Beach and in East Moriches Bay as far east as Southampton.

The second one of these ornithological foci is Montauk Point, which is distinguished not only as the tip end of Long Island where the respective currents of the sound and the ocean solve their differences in an angry churn, but also the resting place for countless migratory ducks, geese and sandpipers and particularly as one of the most southerly points of reach for rare sea-birds like gannets, dovekies and auks.

Enter the list of true bird-lovers by filling up your car with gas and motoring to Orient, the northeasterly, as Montauk is the southeasterly, end of Long Island. In this region, the township of Southold east to Orient Point, there have been recorded 283 species of birds, in which, just as one goes to Long Beach for land-birds, practically every water-bird in our avifauna is included! Orient Point is literally the jumping-off place for the migration to Connecticut, Rhode Island and points north-northeast. From one of the bays—Peconic—leading to this Point I saw one afternoon in early May, first, a migration of Canada geese, then of loons, then of sea crows or cormorants, and finally one of small ducks. It was a continuous performance. The moment one flight of one species was over, the next flight of another species seemed to begin!

Before May, however, you have the advantage of seeing birds *in situ*. After visiting Orient, take the ferry at Greenport for Sag Harbor. On the boat trip you can check up from the water the birds you saw from the shore in your car. There are literally thousands of them in the bays. From Sag Harbor it is easy to skirt the southwest shore of Gardiners Bay in your car and then to work east again to Montauk. In the lee of the Montauk Inn hill, on Fort Pond, you may see, as I did, redheads and canvasbacks. Great Pond, on the other side of the hill to the east, is full of scaup or bluebills, goldeneyes, and sheldrake or mergansers. The Inlet beyond is a good place to see buffleheads. A smaller pond, called Oyster Pond, harbors sandpipers and plovers, and with my telescope I saw there a flock of the rarish black-bellied plover.

The sight of sights is to be had from Montauk Light, several miles farther east. There, within a few feet from shore, are loons (of the red-throated and the common varieties), grebes or hell-divers, old squaws and the three kinds of scoters or "coots." These last are always the tamest of the ducks, with bluebills and hell-divers close seconds. Not since 1923, perhaps, which marks the time when official bird observers began to visit Montauk Point regularly, have there been such numbers of "coots" as there were this year. In 1923 two observers, Mr. Rudyerd Boulton and Mr. Ludlow Griscom, who went to Montauk Point, spoke of seeing off the Point "a flock of scoters one and a half miles long and often four hundred yards wide, . . . the greatest flock of ducks" they ever saw "in the northeast." But while I will not say, as they did, that an estimate of 50,000 birds is ridiculously inadequate, the birds I saw last year a few hundred yards off the Point covered the water as thousands of blackbirds cover a field, and when they took wing—which they did frequently—darkened the horizon like a blot of ink. The curious thing is that, of the American and Surf scoters, only six individuals were recorded here three months previous to my March visit when there were easily two hundred times that figure of each of the two species.

The greatest surprise may be in store for you as you turn your car about and head back westward to the city. Pass through Easthampton and Bridgehampton and then between Watermill and Southampton, go and examine Mecox Bay. If the day is at all windy, you will be delighted with the white caps that dance so merrily on the

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waves of this ocean pond, until, looking closer, you may be fascinated and intoxicated to realize that each of the hundreds of white caps is a bobbing duck, generally a male bluebill. Drive farther toward Southampton and observe closely the rich, muddy fields adjacent to the pond. Luck should reward you, especially in the late afternoon, and you may see almost a thousand geese eating in these fields. You ought not to be above flushing them, as they make a glorious sight in the air, with smaller yet almost as many black ducks arising under the same alarm.

When you pass through Southampton, go via the bathing beach just north of which is Ogawam Lake. Here in the lake I saw two whistling swans, not the orange-billed or European mute swan, but the black-billed, more majestic sort, and very rare and casual on Long Island. Hobnobbing with the swans were a dozen real coots—those grey-backed awkward things, half plump wader and half duck, that go prodding about on the very edges of ponds through the reeds for their dinner. And this was all within a stone's throw of the summer haunts of New York society!

Pursue your course now on that fine highway at the foot of the dunes past Hampton Beach, Tiana Beach and Westhampton Beach with Shinnecock Bay on your north. Congregating in this bay, very near the shore and easily visible, will be all manner of ducks—sheldrake, bluebills, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes and geese again in hundreds. The geese love those alluvial fields that run right down shelving into the bay, and it is a fine thing to see all the geese feeding, heads down in long grass, with only one sentinel goose standing guard. Of course geese are at their most decorative in the water when, as they peer into the pond, their necks assume the graceful crook of a cane—that crook which Audubon overdid into a reverse twist, the great fault of so many of his prints.

You can follow this highway well down into the Great South Bay where the spit or peninsula through which it runs becomes Fire Island Beach. This region gets the full force of the duck and shore-bird migration from points south. Now that Overpeck Creek in Jersey is one of the few remaining places for the water-birds, these coastal beaches of Long Island reap their true reward. They have of course been always the place for the "birder." But bird-lovers and bird-observers now number thousands, and where one or two people went afield to observe ten years ago, now hundreds do. These beaches, if they resist too much development, should maintain their attractiveness as bird haunts for years yet, and indeed it will be a sad time (let us hope never) when the birds are forced out of their present channels of migration and pass us by.

## *Consolation*

I've waited long; I must wait longer yet
For what it well may be I'll never get.
Patience, which is worth having, I have got;
What's made me patient's worthless, likely as not.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

# PAINTED WINDOWS

By MAURICE LAVANOUX

ART IS a perennial activity and the antics of its devotees are a source of wonderment to the innocent bystander. The pursuit of that elusive quality which finally crystallizes in a work of art is a serious business where a sense of humor may wreck an otherwise promising career. I doubt whether artists will admit that this dictum contains any truth at all but any discussion beween two of them will prove my point.

Let a doubting Thomas try his luck with members of the noble craft of makers of painted glass windows. Painters on canvas or wood or those brave enough to attempt fresco painting have a somewhat limited field in which to exercise their prerogative of damning their fellow artists; sculptors, nowadays, have an extraordinary opportunity to discourse on the merits of realistic or abstract work, but the glass man leaves them all far behind in the race for the final disposal of the question—What is art?

For has he not light to contend with? The seasons do not interfere very much with the enjoyment of a painting but they do affect painted windows. And there the fun begins. Theories of light and color further complicate any peaceful settlement of disputes. The preferences of craftsmen run the gamut of well-defended theories. One will pin his faith and reputation on the twinkling effect of a pattern of color with a certain disregard for the readability of the subject depicted; another will be pictorially inclined and his work will take on the aspect of a translucent painting; a third may be so addicted to an unreserved admiration for the great windows of the middle ages that his own work will become admirable archaeological repercussion, but little else.

It must be admitted, however, that the craftsman in glass has an excellent reason for being distrustful of opinions that run counter to his predilections, but he is also quite often distrustful of the opinions of his clients and also of the opinions of the clients' architect. This distrust has resulted in a paradoxical state of affairs. On the one hand, we hear the artist complaining of the lack of appreciation of the inner nature of his beloved art; he mourns the average man's total lack of response to the subtleties of color and light and the ever-changing poetical implications of design and harmony. The client, on the other hand, very properly expatiates on the impossibility of fathoming these niceties of the craft without some sympathetic assistance and patience on the part of the craftsman. And the architect is often judged to be an unmitigated nuisance by all concerned. And yet the architect is really the person who may, in the long run, act as the arbiter in what otherwise becomes a three-ring circus.

Nowadays, it is generally admitted by our craftsmen and their admirers, that windows in painted and stained glass executed in this country are at least equal, if not superior, to those executed in any other country. Queer as it may sound to the uninitiated this statement is largely correct, with one reservation. The élite in the craft are

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still entangled in the chrysalis of past centuries; a state of affairs nurtured by our elder architects who are chary of recognition for the modern manifestations of architecture. These esteemed practitioners may indignantly deny the allegation and yet their works belie their words. However, there is hope. The second Gothic era has run its archaeological and scholarly course despite the attempts to affix a patriotic label to recent productions. The realization that concrete may well afford intriguing possibilities in building will affect the imagination of the worker in glass. The first fruits of this awakening may be startling—already some have elicited comments of a dubious nature. But the bolder spirits among the artists will, no doubt, find a way out of the dilemma; the laymen will find themselves trying to catch up with the procession and the architect will be endeavoring to act, in a dignified manner, the thankless part of the band master. What a merry merry-go-round!

## *Lost Country*

Talking at dusk with Jem the dairy hand,
I touched that mediaeval fairyland,
Half child's delight, half childish terror, where
The moon makes lunatics of men who stare.
He had no doubt that change to summer-time
Was devil's work, fouler than witch's rhyme;
That cattle, roused before the dawn was faint,
Knelt in a ring and lowed to heaven complaint,
That toads spat fire or stabbed with evil eye,
That imps of hedgehogs drained their udders dry. . . .

Thrown centuries back, despite the cars in streams
Whose speed-lines glittered in the late low beams,
I touched the coasts of cloudy unicorns,
Of mandrake cries and solitary horns;
Of Christ-like pelicans whose whiteness bled
With sacrifices where the young ones fed;
Dragon-flotillas in the gloom deployed;
Below, the staring basilisks destroyed.
There was a princess in an ivory tower
Whose brows were daintier than a marguerite;
She saw the firedrake's league-long hate devour,
And hawks bring letters of her last defeat;
And round that level land, magnetic isles
Of sunset waited with their magic wiles
To pull all pins and bolts from every bark
That dared the rescue of that lady dark;
Through terrible deeps of emerald enthralling
I saw the loosened keels, the drowned men falling. . . .

Jem stopped and laughed, and who and where was I,
Staring on bats and webby wings of sky,
On pearly glimmers dusking in the leaves
And gargoyle shades grimacing under eaves;
Seeing the spire, from shield of blackened elm,
Nerving its lonely lance to guard its realm,
And twinkling with one elfin point of light
Against the whole embattled host of night?

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## A HALF-CENTURY OF LIBRARY PROGRESS

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor: Librarians are glad of the kind of "open forum" THE COMMONWEAL is providing for members of the profession. As the Calvert Associates are the logical people to manifest interest in the profession of books, this is not surprising. Now that the era of centenary solemnities has arrived, it seems an opportune moment to draw the attention of all readers to the golden anniversary of the conception of the first Library School in this country, and to make a few comments on its status then and now.

The period from 1883 to 1933 covers a half-century of development following the announcement (1883) of the need of a training school for librarians. The president of Columbia College, Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, submitted the proposition of the chief librarian, Melvil Dewey, to the trustees, who, after a year's consideration, reported unanimously in its favor. At that early date librarianship had been ranked among the professions and hence called for a special training, as may be seen from the opening sentence of the first paragraph of the trustees' report (State Library Bulletin, 1-10, August, 1891).

I hope that the American Library Association and the professional Library Schools are preparing fittingly to commemorate this historic anniversary, since the primacy of dignity as well as honor is to the conception of the idea of this noble institution.

Three years elapsed before the actual opening of the school, January 5, 1887. Melvil Dewey was appointed first director, and such distinguished names as William Bostwick, dean of American librarians today, E. C. Richardson, C. A. Cutter, Miss C. M. Hewins were among the first faculty and associates.

Superficial statements have been made to the effect that the status of candidates for librarianship fifty years ago was inferior to what it is today. This is untrue. As far as ideals and standards are concerned, the entrance examinations to the first Library School (1887) are far more representative of culture and intellectual background than those to be found in the catalogues of Library Schools requiring tests for entrants in 1932-1933. Fifty years ago, candidates holding a B.A. degree were not required to take the comprehensive examination, but they were required to show acquaintance with French, German, Italian and Latin. Translations to and from these languages, without the aid of a dictionary, were obligatory. Candidates holding only a Regents' high school diploma were required to pass the comprehensive test, equal to any I have seen for college graduates today. This is high praise for the type of education given in the earlier high schools when students attended classes to learn how and what to read, rather than "to make the grade." In other words, comparing the matter, and the degree of difficulty of the entrance requirements of yesterday with those of Library Schools today we are still in the A B C stage of development.

The objectives laid down by the pioneers of the Library

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School movement are the same today as they were a half-century ago: facility in the art of reference and research, mastery of the printed word, the shaping and influencing of reading for information, inspiration and recreation. It was recognized that contact with a university is necessary for research; that intellectual work cannot be circumscribed within the limits of a desk and a bookcase; that libraries and laboratories of vast extent are essential to problems of investigation. This sounds very modern, and yet it is, in substance, no more than is implied in the opening paragraph of the discussion held previous to the opening of the first Library School. To quote the report, in part: "The conditions most favorable to the usefulness of a library school are to be found only in connection with some considerable library, in which the best methods of library management are illustrated; in connection with a prominent college having the facilities and the experience needed in any school claiming the right to grant certificates and confer, in special cases, merited degrees."

At first a tentative three months' course was outlined, with enrolment limited to ten. In response to urgent requests, the limit was raised, one by one, until twenty were registered for the first class (1887). At the middle of the three months' term the members petitioned for a fourth month, and at its end the majority of the students had decided upon a full two years' program; while many requested a third year for advanced study. Demand came, not from any outside agency but from the students themselves.

Degrees were designated as B.L.S., M.L.S. and D.L.S., according as the recipient had been conspicuous for merit or achievement. The degrees, B.L.S. and M.L.S., required that the candidates pass all the examinations and, in addition, submit an original thesis and a bibliography and complete the full two years' course of professional study. Such were the ideals of the early librarians. Any argument for their inferiority would be equivalent to an attempt by that pupil to destroy his master's reputation. There were at that early date, 5,000 men and women librarians in the United States eager to advance their profession, broaden their knowledge and extend their mental horizon.

At the end of the third year, October 15, 1889, an agreement was made between the director, Melvil Dewey, and the regents of the universities of New York State, for the transfer of the library from Columbia College to Albany. Due to more secluded environment, and better facilities for study, the attendance grew, there having been nineteen persons to receive degrees, June 30, 1890. Full information regarding the positions filled by the group may be had by consulting the New York State Library School Bulletins, 1-10; 1891-1902.

Now, it seems reasonable to believe that, were our Graduate Library Schools to unite in a well-considered effort to give the B.S. in Library Service a more definite significance, say in the field of research, experienced librarians now obliged to attend these schools (in order to maintain their positions) would regard the year's absence as a rich compensation, and not as a kind of academic joke.

These audacious comments are not to be interpreted as minimizing the importance of "technical training" for those who need it; but, after all, training is only a means, not, in itself, an end. We Catholic librarians, interested in seeing established a Graduate School at the Catholic University of America, have a standing challenge in the Holy Father's patronage of scientific research. Coördination of his eminent faculties and his willingness to serve humanity have made him the outstanding intellect of the world. Pius XI, through the aid of the Carnegie Foundation, has placed the Vatican Library at the disposal of the world's greatest scholars.

It appears to have needed a half-century to convince us of the necessity of a Department of Library Service in our own educational system. May it soon become an historical fact!

MOTHER AGATHA, O.S.U.

## INDICTMENT

Dubuque, Iowa.

TO the Editor: After reading "Indictment," by Mr. Stuart D. Goulding, Catholics will have to again plead guilty to the charge of apathy, indifference and lack of organization.

The Catholic Church has a vital and important message to deliver on the Catholic viewpoint on many subjects. For years American life has been attuned to the tempo of secular dailies. When are Catholics going to join in the parade with Catholic dailies? Let us hope that the awakening to the need of a Catholic daily press will come before it is too late. Perhaps at no time during the history of the Catholic Church in America has the necessity for an adequate and virile Catholic daily press been greater than it is today, due to the chaotic religious, social and economic conditions existing in this country and over the whole world.

The American public rush to business armed with the daily paper, either taken from the home or purchased on the street corner, to be read on trains, street cars and automobiles. Give us Catholic dailies to be sold everywhere side by side with the secular dailies, and to be read in like fashion. Flood the land with Catholic dailies to compete with the secular dailies going into the homes in even the smallest towns and villages, and thus Catholics, as well as Protestants and Jews, would have an opportunity to absorb the Catholic viewpoint. Let Catholic dailies be found in all public places: hotels, restaurants, depots, libraries and offices where the secular dailies appear.

For the past thirteen years we have had one and only one Catholic daily, the *Daily Catholic Tribune,* Dubuque, Iowa. It is to be congratulated and highly commended for the good work it is doing. It cannot carry on the fight alone. A Catholic daily press is needed in the metropolitan centers. Protestants here in the Middle West read the *Daily Catholic Tribune* because, as they express it, "we always find something interesting in your paper."

Missionaries are being sent to foreign lands, but it would seem that we are neglecting vital missionary work right here at home. What more effective missionary work could we do than explain the dogmas, truths and liturgy of the Catholic Church through a Catholic daily press?

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The secular press looking for Catholic news as "supplemental" or "fillers" would have an authoritative source—our Catholic dailies—from which to obtain Catholic news. The N.C.W.C. News Service and the Catholic Press Association have attracted the favorable attention of the secular press, and this service is used by some of the metropolitan dailies. There are many inquiring minds and seekers of truth among our non-Catholic friends. Put Catholic dailies in their hands in which they could find an explanation of the Mass, to them, the greatest Catholic enigma.

There need be no dearth of news for our Catholic dailies. There can never be too much education in the Catholic religion. Open our treasure rooms and storehouses of knowledge, our Catholic books; review and quote them in our Catholic dailies. Now that suffering humanity has enforced leisure in which to read and think, give it wholesome and interesting reading through a Catholic daily.

ANNE MEYSEMBOURG STUART.

## BACK NUMBERS

Laoag, Ilocos Norte.

TO the Editor: The undersigned, a Catholic secular priest under the jurisdiction of His Excellency, Monsignor Santiago Sancho of the Diocese of Nueva Segovia of the Philippine Islands and now stationed in Laoag, Ilocos Norte, as coadjutor to the parish priest, Reverend Father Jose Brilliantes, takes the occasion of introducing himself to you and members of the staff of your publication.

Being commissioned in my present field of labor to take charge of the spiritual well-being of the growing youths coming from all the towns of this province of Ilocos Norte, cradle of the well-known religious schism, Filipino Independent Church, to this town of Laoag for secondary education, I am at a loss to meet this most difficult problem: that of bringing home to these thousands of students the fundamental principles of the Catholic faith. On account of their unfavorable environments, which exert a great influence on their formation, they are growing with the advancing years godless and supinely indifferent to religious matters.

Not to mention the baleful influence wielded by the Filipino Independent Church and the fact that Protestant denominations are making proselytes of the students, the public school system of education here in our country, fashioned from that of the public school system of the United States, is working great damage on their spiritual and moral formation by completely disregarding it. Hence, they have no appreciation of religion in general, much less of the tenets of the Catholic faith in particular, and therefore are turned out from the schools morally illiterate.

Here in Laoag there is only one Catholic secondary school for girls to counteract the godless instruction given in the public schools; but so few are the students in the Holy Ghost Academy in comparison with the large numbers in the public secondary schools that they are powerless to exert the needed influence.

These students of the public schools are wayward souls who must be hunted for. They must be taught the principles of the Catholic faith and led to follow and tread on the path of truth. But since this cannot be done inside their school rooms, there must be another means of injecting religion into their formation. Organizations of a social-religious nature have been formed for students of both sexes, and these organizations have in a degree been effective as a medium in inoculating the minds of the students with the virus of religion. But organizations alone are insufficient; they need some backing up. Catholic periodicals, magazines and books play an important rôle; since these supply the students wholesome spiritual food for thought, they serve as a powerful medium in attracting the students to membership in these Catholic associations.

The Catholic papers, magazines and books which Father Isaias Edralin has been receiving free for the last eight or more years from his benefactors in the States have done much in attracting thousands of high school boys and girls (I myself being one of them then), by awakening in them a great interest in religion. The missing element in their educational formation was supplied by these papers and magazines which were distributed to them, and by the religious instruction which was given them by their Father Director.

But as soon as Father Edralin was transferred, the enthusiasm of the students on religious matters began to decline and grow cold. Now they have reverted to their former state of indifferentism and irreligiousness. This is simply due to the fact that Father Edralin's immediate successors did not make use of Catholic papers and magazines; not receiving the papers from the States, as did Father Edralin, they were greatly handicapped in continuing the trail blazed by him. Consequently, students lost their interest in becoming members of Catholic organizations.

The future of the Catholic faith here depends much on religious instruction being given to the students crowding the halls of the public schools. Something must be done to bring these students again within the sphere of religion and to stimulate in them a love and appreciation of spiritual matters. Catholic periodicals, magazines and books will do this. So in the arduous task before me I would like to avail myself of this powerful factor in attracting the students. I therefore appeal to you and to all Catholic-spirited Americans whose Christian charity knows no bounds to become my patrons in this apostolic work, earnestly requesting you to kindly help by sending me back numbers and copies of any Catholic papers and magazines published there. These will be gratefully acknowledged. It is my ardent hope that through this powerful medium thousands of wayward students may be brought back to the Catholic fold.

Please accept my anticipated thanks and wishes for success in the management of your publication and may God's choicest blessings be bestowed on all Catholic Americans who are deeply interested in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

REV. EMILIO P. PONCE.

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Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Noticing the communication of W. L. Scott in THE COMMONWEAL of September 15, I beg to call attention to the remailing agency of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel which for more than forty years has been carrying on this work. It has the sanction of four Popes and many members of the hierarchy.

I shall be pleased to put subscribers to Catholic periodicals and papers in touch with individuals in the United States who will appreciate and be helped by good reading. Literature may be mailed to my address, or I will supply names and addresses of clients for direct mailing.

(MISS) HARRIETTE R. HORSFALL,
*Corresponding Secretary,*
*Confraternity of St. Gabriel,*
*1631 Monroe Street, N. W.,*
*Washington, D. C.*

## PROHIBITION FORTY YEARS AGO

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: The error I made in my letter in THE COMMONWEAL for May 19, in which I insisted that Mary Onahan Gallery's reference to speakeasies in Kansas forty years ago was incorrect because there had never been a Catholic bishop in Kansas City, Kansas, was due purely to ignorance; neither I nor the priest to whom I referred the matter was aware that the Bishop of Leavenworth resides in Kansas City. Before writing the letter I ought of course to have been absolutely certain of my facts; I am sorry I wrote my letter without being certain.

My statements with regard to prohibition, however, are still true: and whether the gentleman from New York who replied to my letter knows it or not, deaths from alcoholism have decreased under prohibition. The facts will be found on page 367 of the 1933 World Almanac. From these it can be seen that in the pre-prohibition days, from 1911 to 1917, deaths per 100,000 from alcoholism averaged 5.2, with the lowest death rate at 4.4; under prohibition, from 1920-1930, the average death rate was 3.2, with the highest rate of 4.0 occurring in 1927 and 1928. For cirrhosis of the liver from 1911 to 1917, the average per 100,000 population was 12.9, the lowest rate being 11.4 in 1917; since prohibition, from 1920 to 1930 the average rate has been 7.33, the highest rate being 7.6 in the year 1928. These figures show the benefits of prohibition quite clearly; it will be interesting, though sad, to watch them after the adoption of the Twenty-first Amendment. I do not believe that under prohibition they would have been as high as they are if in the large cities the editor of the newspaper, the priest from his pulpit, and the professor from his academic chair had not with one voice been telling the people that to disobey the Eighteenth Amendment was to merit heaven, since prohibition was an offense against God-given liberty and the dignity of man. We may yet find that it would have been better to preach the truth.

FREDERICK E. WIRTH.

# THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

## *Men in White*

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S play, "Men in White," succeeds admirably in dramatizing the medical profession and particularly the branch of surgery. One can admit readily that much of the material used is not intrinsically new. It is the expert mixing of the familiar ingredients that gives the play substance and flavor. There are about three lines in the play which are thoroughly objectionable, the more so because they express a viewpoint entirely foreign to the general tenor of the play. They are flung in gratuitously, and have no bearing on the plot nor on the major problems of the theme. They could be deleted without the slightest damage to the playwright's idea. I am sure that any doctor with sensitiveness to the ethics of his profession would agree with me. For the rest, the play and its expert production by the Group Theatre stand forth as conspicuous achievements.

St. George's Hospital, which might be any privately endowed hospital in a large city, is the scene of the entire action of the play. The leading character is a young interne, Dr. Ferguson, who is the special pride of the head surgeon, Dr. Hochberg. Ferguson's problem consists in trying to reconcile the unremitting labor and years of preparatory study necessary to achieve the goal Hochberg has set for him with the demands made upon him by his fiancée, Laura Hudson. Laura is the daughter of one of the wealthy contributors to the hospital. She has seen her father make his business an obsession, and she is not long in discovering that medicine is an even harder taskmaster. She revolts against the prospect of a life in which her husband will be only half her own, the other half or more than half belonging to his profession. She cannot or will not see that medicine requires a high degree of dedication. She would have Ferguson begin in private practice long before he is ready in order to have more of him for herself. She virtually forces him to decide between her and his professional ideals.

A sub-plot is introduced when, after a quarrel due to Laura's selfishness, Ferguson, in a mood of nervous fatigue and discouragement, allows himself to become entangled with one of the student nurses in the hospital. The girl very much forces herself upon him, but it is obvious that he lets her have her way only because his self-control and judgment have been shattered by Laura's ultimatum. The nurse later undergoes an illegal operation, and is brought to the hospital suffering from peritonitis. An immediate drastic operation is demanded, and Ferguson has to assist at the operation. Dr. Hochberg, suspecting nothing of the true facts, has asked Laura to watch the operation in order to see how much Ferguson's work means to him. Laura overhears the nurse calling out to Ferguson just before she goes under ether.

This withering experience serves to clear Ferguson's brain. One knows that from now on he will follow his professional ideal relentlessly. If Laura forgives him—which she does after word comes that the nurse has died from an embolism—she will have to take him as he is.

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The play leaves her final decision in doubt, but there is an intimation that at long last she understands. The regeneration of Ferguson himself is complete—the idealist restored, through brutal tragedy and his own mistake, to his ideals.

The suspense of the accumulating drama is splendidly worked out, thanks in very large measure to the amazingly smooth and quiet performance of the Group Players. Dr. Hochberg, as played by Edward Bromberg, easily stands forth as the dominating character, although Ferguson is played with high sincerity by Alexander Kirkland. The blot on the play as it now stands is a brief scene in which one of the nurses who suspects the truth upbraids Ferguson about the student nurse, implying that he himself might have performed the illegal operation if he had known beforehand of the nurse's condition. He replies that that is exactly what he would have done—an amazing statement in view of his character and principles as outlined in all the other scenes of the play. In a later scene, for example, when the young nurse is supposed to be recovering, he insists to Dr. Hochberg that his duty is to marry her. He is the sort that would have married her in the first instance if she had told him the truth. He would most certainly not have performed a criminal operation as the lines of the play now imply. It is possible, of course, that I have mistaken the meaning of the lines themselves. But if that is so, any other and better meaning they might have should be clarified. The play is far too good, far too well produced, and far too high a tribute to the medical profession to permit any such degrading implication to stand. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

### *Amourette*

LEO BULGAKOV, whom I usually admire tremendously as a director, has played ducks and drakes with this none too stimulating comedy by Clare Kummer. Bulgakov's direction of "One Sunday Afternoon" was one of the clear delights of last season, but he has made a miserable job of his New England Yankees of 1840 in the present play. Even the charm and grace of Francesca Bruning are not sufficient compensation for the grotesque parade of the other characters.

The play script itself has enough faults to discourage any director, although the idea might have served well enough for a "winsome" comedy of rough manners—the excursion of Amourette Tucker from Tuckertown to Duxbury in search of innocent change of scene, the evil interpretation put upon her actions by the people of Tuckertown, and her final romance with a young and understanding minister. But the scenes of the play, as written, are brittle and broken and incredibly uneven in mood, ranging from the seriously romantic to the impossibilities of sheer farce. Bulgakov has made matters worse by directing half his characters in the broad manner of Russian farce and the rest in the oversweet manner of a James Barrie whimsicality. It is too bad that after her great success in "One Sunday Afternoon," Miss Bruning should have no better second vehicle than this unfortunate mixture—a totality which resembles chiefly the work of a college dramatic society. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

# BOOKS

## Modern Necromancy

*The Church and Spiritualism, by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bridge Publishing Company. $2.75.*

A THOROUGH rearrangement of the material in Father Thurston's book, which consists largely of papers that have appeared elsewhere, would have improved its logical order. An index ought by all means to have been provided, since the work is otherwise admirably suited for reference. Apart from these minor shortcomings, it is an invaluable book, in which the author's genius for the soundly critical presentation of difficult material is put to excellent use.

Steering between the "Wholesale Devil Theory" and the "Nothing but Trickery Theory," one or the other of which so many Catholic writers on Spiritualism have championed, Father Thurston quotes with approval the statement of Père Mainage, who has summed up the Church's attitude on the subject in the following propositions: "(1) The Church has not pronounced on the essential nature of Spiritualistic phenomena; (2) the Church forbids the general body of the faithful to take any part in spiritualistic practices; (3) in the manifestations, which occur the Church suspects that diabolical agencies may *per accidens* intervene."

To read this intensely interesting book with an open mind is to be convinced that the Church's official attitude, as contrasted not only with that of the Spiritualists themselves, but also with the extremes of credulity or scepticism exhibited by certain Catholic writers, is in accord with the best interests of science as well as those of Christianity.

The essential reason for rejecting Spiritualism as a divine revelation, apart from any argument from authority, is the whole record of the movement, from the time of the unfortunate Fox Sisters to the present. "What may be proved to demonstration by anyone who takes a little pains over the enquiry," Father Thurston says, "is, first, that the practice of Spiritualism from the beginning until the present day has been honeycombed with every species of trickery and fraud; and, secondly, that a vast literature has been called into existence of supposed revelations concerning the life to come, the greater part of which is patently nonsensical and self-contradictory, while none of it can offer any reliable evidence of the identity of the purporting communicator." The inherent impossibility of such identification is particularly well stressed by Father Thurston. As he says: "The whole process is necessarily a simulation, whatever be the agency that is responsible for it .... It is not the dead man's fingers that hold the pen .... and the same is true with regard to the voice, accent and phraseology of the dead." How can it be proved that the dead man is, so to speak, impersonating his bodily state, rather than that some other spirit, human or otherwise, is doing so? Why should not some of these spirits be acquainted with earthly actions of the dead man that were unknown to all other mortals? The conclusion that such imperson-

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ation is possible is confirmed by the fact that "the most accredited exponents of Spiritualism everywhere assure us that there are whole troops of spirits whose one desire appears to be to deceive and impose upon those who are willing to hold intercourse with them."

The latter fact, added to Spiritualism's record of trickery and false teaching, amply justifies the Church's prohibition of Spiritualistic practices, as well as her "suspicion" that the activity of evil spirits is sometimes involved. Some Catholics have reduced this possibility to a merely theoretic one, but to a careful student of the evidence for preternatural activity, evidence which has sometimes been far too summarily dismissed, the possibility and even probability will seem real enough. As Father Thurston remarks more than once, it is hardly consistent for a Catholic, whose whole system of apologetics is bound up with the acceptance of the Gospel miracles as historically proved, to "throw overboard the reiterated statements of modern witnesses of credit who relate what their eyes have seen and their ears heard, in circumstances which apparently exclude the possibility of deception." It will not do, on the other hand, as the Church's caution in pronouncing on the subject shows that she realizes, to ignore the fact that the line between the preternatural and mysterious natural powers is hard to draw. Father Thurston's chapters on telepathy and clairvoyance give abundant evidence of this and it seems far-fetched indeed to invoke the diabolical hypothesis as an explanation of all the phenomena described.

The post-war outburst of Spiritualistic practices and literature has to a great extent subsided, but necromancy seems to be as old as the human race, and likely to last as long. Father Thurston has put us all in his debt by a study which not only makes absorbing reading, but is important as an analysis and justification of the Church's attitude toward the modern revival of an ancient and sinister cult.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

## The United States and the Vatican

*United States Ministers to the Papal States, 1848-1868. Published by the Catholic Historical Association and the Catholic University of America. $5.00.*

IT IS embarrassing to be called on to examine in public one of one's own favorite children, yet that is what is happening in this review.

The State Department has a wise and practical rule that diplomatic correspondence may not be published until the expiration of a number of years sufficient to avoid untoward "revelations." There are many portions of the department's archives which are known to and read by men in the Foreign Service and contain a wealth of material valuable to general history. In the past, however, service men were barred from using it even more rigorously than outsiders, though that practice is now changing.

Unfortunately these mines have not always been looked upon as public property even when the barrier to publication was removed. At times they have been exploited by

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# Next Week

**THE NRA, by John A. Ryan, shows by historical instances that the Supreme Court of the United States could uphold the National Industrial Recovery Act without doing violence to the language of the Constitution or departing from traditional methods of interpretation. Needless to say, this point is of the greatest importance and interest at this time and there are few who could have written on the subject with greater cogency and clearness than has the Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan . . . IS AGRICULTURE GAINING?, by Charles Morrow Wilson, is a report from the front in the war against our present social flaws by a thoroughly experienced and realistic correspondent. This is not just a rehash of statistics and government department releases, but personal observation of events on a vital salient, one which if carried successfully will lead to a better, happier country . . . GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, by Gerald F. Lahey, the esteemed biographer of Hopkins, is a literary discussion of the influence of the Society of Jesus, and more particularly the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius, on the rare quality of Hopkins's poetry. This is an interesting exploration into the essence of high poetry . . . SPAIN'S RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE, by Lawrence A. Fernsworth, is an analysis of the extraordinary tyranny and illiberality, even over people's private expression of their spiritual life, of politicians of a type in our times styling themselves liberals and prating about freedom while they commit the worst offenses against it . . . IN OLD MAZATLAN, by Frank C. Hanighen, and THE CENTENARY OF RAMON LULL, by Allison Peers are pleasant walks by gleaming waters of contemplation.**

individuals to enhance a personal reputation for erudition and wide reading without disclosing its source. When several prospectors have discovered the source, there have been incidents reminiscent of claim jumpers in Forty-nine, and even assertion of prior rights; as if any individual could properly claim prior rights in public documents.

During nearly forty years of diplomatic service, this reviewer has frequently called the attention of Catholic universities and historical societies to the importance (as soon as it would be possible to publish them) of the records of these years when the federal government of the United States not only established a Legation at Rome and a line of ministers accredited to the Papal States, but maintained relations of intimacy and great cordiality with the Pope, though not always with the officials of the civil government of the Pope. The Catholic question which arose intensely with mass immigration is discussed freely and lucidly in the instructions of secretaries of state to various ministers to the Vatican court. The fact that Buchanan chose to establish a permanent mission to the Vatican at the very moment when the Know-nothing party was assuming an anti-Catholic color is, in itself, interesting.

The best way to bring out all the accumulated wealth of material on this important episode seemed to this reviewer, to publish it, as Manning printed the correspondence relating to South American independence. Manning simply made it available to historians and students in convenient form, without comment of his own.

In the case of this Vatican mission, publication of a first volume of Legation correspondence was to be followed by the much more extensive consular correspondence and finally by the Vatican documents covering the same period and relations. That form has been preserved in the present publication, and since it is entitled Volume I it seems to be the intention of the Catholic Historical Association to continue on the original line.

Somewhere in the series the manner of the termination of this diplomatic mission must be included. It will be found in the debates in House and Senate on appropriations for diplomatic missions. It is valuable reading for those Catholics who can see nothing but anti-Catholic bigotry on all American horizons. If, and when, the consular documents are published in this series, much will be found that is not at all complimentary to the civil government of the Papal States. Its inclusion will be a test of Catholic scholarship in America.

This publication can merit nothing but praise from this reviewer, who assembled a considerable part of the material used here. The Index alone is open to question. That too follows his original plan, but would the strict impartiality which it is so desirable to preserve and which the Catholic Historical Association has preserved, be impaired by notations included somewhere in the Index to draw attention to points of particular interest to Catholics? That is a very debatable point, but it is offered here to the present editors—with congratulations on their courageous decision to publish documents which will go so far to disprove some of the most cherished theories of the "Bigotry" school of Catholic writers.

William Franklin Sands.

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## The Creation of Beauty

*Beauty Looks after Herself, by Eric Gill. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.*

READING these collected papers is a stimulating experience. Mr. Eric Gill is a notable talent in his chosen fields of artistic work, sculpture and typography, and he probably regards his writing as expository and subjective to his principal artistic purpose. So imbued, however, is this book with its author's personality, that the charm and quality of it is akin to that of conversation at its best. This personality of Mr. Gill's is Catholic in its total and has all of the novelty of great consistency. His is a faith that colors his every activity, and a sense is conveyed as of one whose very being is impregnated with Catholic truth. As he is an artist, this fact has significance. The separatist tendencies, so characteristic of Catholic working in creative ways, finds a healthy contrast in this spiritual unity, issuing into art.

The text of Mr. Gill's book is revealed by its Joycean title, "Beauty Looks after Herself." This means that any artist's concern, primarily, should be with truth and rightness, and that beauty is a resultant, inseparable from truth. This, in effect, is a reënunciation of what was stated by that ancestor of the modern architectural revival, Mr. Louis H. Sullivan of Chicago, when he said that "form follows function." The reality, and therefore the truth, underlying any art or architectural work is an integral part of it. Form attains to beauty through its expression of function (or truth). This is the basic doctrine of architectural modernism at its best. At its lower levels, modernism concerns itself with no such doctrine, but only with a decadent modishness. Of this latter, examples are in startling abundance.

It is against the falsity which inspires such a modishness that this book is directed. It is also directed against, what Mr. Gill terms, "sham Gothic and sham Renaissance." By these terms he does not mean anything so obvious as plaster of paris imitations of these styles. Solidly built and of archaelogical perfection, they are still sham Gothic and sham Renaissance, in his meaning, because they do not develop out of any truth or reality that is manifest in life today. Life itself is the important matter, and an architecture is a sham when it is not related to life. When, in this modern day, such an architecture seeks to evoke the stage mysticality of a Gothic setting or an Italianated grandiosity, in the Renaissance manner, he finds it, and rightfully, an affront to his Catholicism. He is a mystic, who finds in every act of his life, relationship with God's purpose. This merely evidences an entirely Catholic personality. That he looks hopefully to the Church to embody in her building structures an architectural truth suitable to her eternal truth, bespeaks in him a childlike attitude toward a mother who has his entire devotion.

This is a very Catholic book. It is also an entirely lovable one. The enthusiasm of those who have met and talked with Eric Gill becomes understandable in the light of his very natural, self-expressive writing. The half-Catholic, the exponents of a "good enough" atti-

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tude toward religion and art, as well as those backward-looking mentalities who deny the present, will find much to disagree with in this book. Perhaps this alone justifies it. Its interest and charm, however, are such that it meets the requirements of Mr. Gill's own rule, that of being "a work worthy in itself."

BARRY BYRNE.

## Irish Colonials

*Australia's Debt to Irish Nation-Builders, by P. S. Cleary. Sydney: Angus and Robertson, Ltd.; American representatives, P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $4.00.*

AUSTRALIANS have given such a magnificent example in submitting to a high rate of taxation in order to avoid repudiation of their debts, that the attention of all the world has been attracted to these men and women of the island continent "down under." Mr. Cleary's book, which shows one very important element in the population of Australia, should probably attract more attention now than at any time for years. Unable to live in happiness in their native land, the Irish during the latter half of the nineteenth century wandered all over the English-speaking world. They had a veritable genius for politics in the better sense of that word and so they have continued to hold a prominent place in the political life of a number of countries and scarcely anywhere more than Australia.

Archbishop Sheehan, the Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, who writes the Foreword, emphasizes the little-known fact brought out so well by Mr. Cleary, that the Irish political prisoners of the early days were transported to Australia without the formality of a trial. They were not convicts in the true sense because they had not been convicted of anything. They came to Australia without any record of an offense. They had been transported but, in spite of the handicap that this might be presumed to prove for success in life, a great many of them succeeded in lifting themselves up to high positions in the colony. The other Irish emigrants who came voluntarily, that is, forced by conditions at home, proved stimulating rivals to the ticket-of-leave men.

To an Irish governor, Sir Richard Bourke, Australia owes her religious liberty; an Irishman's son, Wentworth, is the brightest figure in Australian political history; and to John Hubert Plunkett, lieutenant of Daniel O'Connell in the repeal movement in Ireland, New South Wales is indebted for her constitution. Upward of thirty Irishmen have been governors or acting governors of Australian states, and more than that number have been judges in the high courts, some of them men of exceptional ability. No less than one hundred and thirty-seven Cabinet ministers and ever so many more members of the legislature are of Irish birth or descent. Probably no record shows so clearly the ability of the Irish to be rulers of men as the history of Australia.

One of the most interesting portions of the book tells the life story of what they call in England the "peripatetic proconsuls," so many of whom were Irishmen who during the colonial period were the governor-generals and lieu-

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tenant-governors of the colonies throughout the far-flung British dominions of the last century.

Another extremely interesting chapter is on the number of Irishmen who count among the founders and benefactors of the universities and many more who were members of the faculties of these universities. Mr. Cleary points out that the Irish in Australia received in proportion to their numbers in the population many more Victorian Crosses in the Great War than Australians of other descent. This same thing is true with regard to their honorary connection with universities.

Mr. Cleary has made a very interesting book that is a real contribution to the history of the Irish people outside of Ireland.

JAMES J. WALSH.

## Francis Jammes

*My Daughter Bernadette, by Francis Jammes; translated by Lucy Humphrey Smith. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Incorporated. $2.50.*

FRANCIS JAMMES is not of this century, not of its novelists, its painters, its poets: he is French, he was born in 1868, he lives in the Hautes-Pyrenees in a village of no pretentions, and his heart is pure, his faith simple. What could be stranger, in this century of the "school of Paris"—Picasso, Braque, Strawinsky, Antheil, Gide, Joyce—than one with a pure heart, a simple faith?

Jammes's background is bourgeois, respectable, undistinguished except for a grandfather, Jean-Baptiste, who had the Cross of Honor and who was the chief of Jammes's loves. Of the members of his family, Jammes has made portraits drawn from remote childhood memories, from his elders' tales: in the black and white they read as though they were illuminated, gilded, great-initialed, exquisite. They are reverent portraits, made in love, in praise. Many are in "My Daughter Bernadette."

Jammes is a provincial. Even when he had become a figure of importance in contemporary French literature, he would not leave his Pyrenees. It is this countryside he loves, this people: here he stays, observes, walks, writes. His first book, "Vers," printed by the village printer of Orthez, had a success almost at once. Simplicity, directness, purity: these Jammes possesses to an extraordinary degree. His genius is his love. The *Bon Dieu*, the Virgin, his friends, his family, animals, houses, things, seasons and those the seasons have turned under, being dead: he loves each, all, and with gentleness. "Passion," in Jammes, is "intensity." He glows, not burns. His love does not consume, but lights. The marks of his distinction are love, gentleness, simplicity.

His books are like the shells a child collects "for God." Of them, this is the second to be translated into English. The first, "The Romance of the Rabbit" (1920), now only to be met in second-hand bookshops, is worth searching out. "My Daughter Bernadette" would be worth having if only for the dedication alone—"To Mary of Nazareth, Mother of God"—a page as exquisite as it is brief. The book is recommended to those who will be drawn to read it as a sort of casket that contains a heart.

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at East Stroudsburg, Pa., for October 1, 1933. State of New York, County of New York; ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, George N. Shuster; Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below: if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) The Calvert Associates, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Michael Williams, President; John F. McCormick, Secretary.

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(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1933.

MARY L. COONEY,
(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

# Briefer Mention

*Grey Cottage, by G. McPherson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

THAT this book should take its title from a place name is quite fitting, for one of the greatest charms is its evocation of atmosphere. By atmosphere is not meant local color but the sort of compound aura which a group of people can radiate; and in the present instance the people do not seem extricable from the place where we see most of them—Grey Cottage. Foremost among them is the cottage's owner, Michael Donnelly, a painter who attempted to order his life with the same aesthetic perfection which he sought, and achieved more fully, in his paintings. Into the seemingly complete pattern of his days came Margaret Peters and made it richer, so that when she went Michael was left with a sense of want. There were also Owen Owens and Katherine, the one bound to a dull routine life and jealous of Michael's aloofness, the other awakened to her strength by that same aloofness. Much of the novel is in conversation; the greater part of it nicely brings out the story's mood and carries the tale forward; the only objection to its mildly philosophical nature must fall on an occasional immaturity and irrelevancy to the book's central theme. And in the ending, which can be disregarded with no harm to the novel's structure, Mrs. McPherson seems to have lapsed in the delicacy of perception which makes the adjectives "charming" and "lovely" applicable to her work.

*Tomorrow's Tide, by Charles Bruce. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Toronto. $1.50.*

"TOMORROW'S TIDE" is a first book, its lyric voice effective, its tone sane and its theme varied. Charles Bruce's range in mood, subject and expression, and the evidences of youth, give promise of truly excellent poetry to come, and indeed there are several poems in this twenty-eight-page book worth lingering over. They show a wholesome personality, a vivid appreciation of things seen and known, and an admirable willingness to experiment.

## CONTRIBUTORS

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